THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1793 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 2 1934

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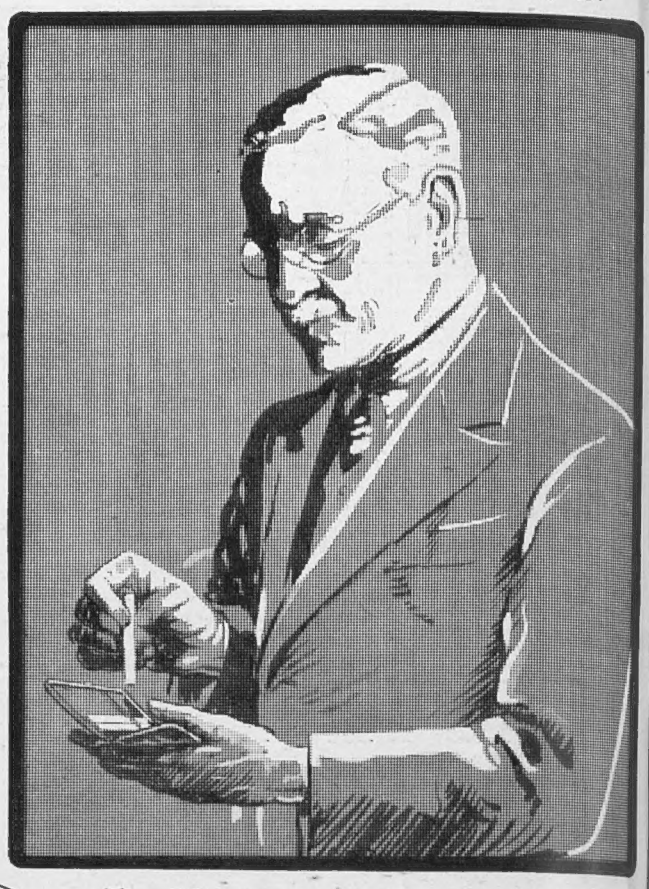

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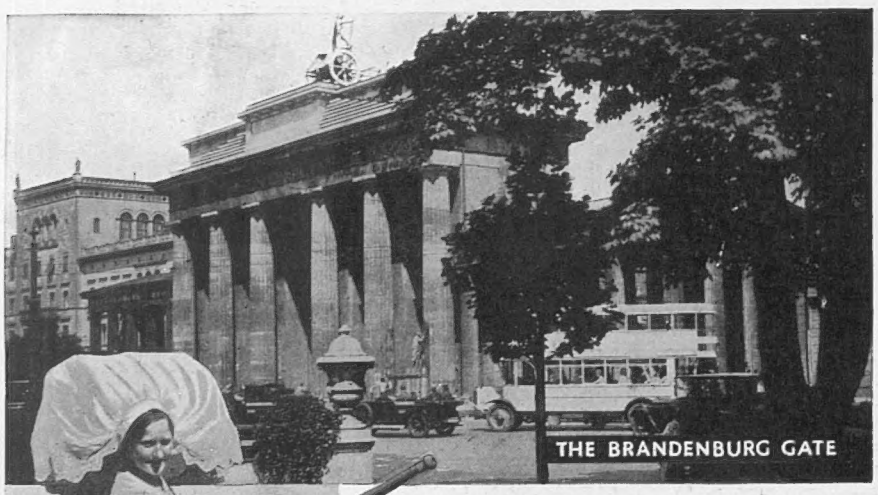

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 2, 1934

# ACHIEVEMENT

## Miss Jean Batten in Calcutta After Completing the First Half of Her Record-Breaking Flight to Australia

Defying the heat of India, the terrors of the monsoon in Burma, and the treacherous mists of the Timor Sea, Miss Jean Batten, a twenty-four-year-old New Zealand girl, accomplished the most notable flying feat of the year when she landed last week at Port Darwin, Australia, only 14 days 23 hours after leaving England. Miss Batten's dogged persistence in the face of adversity has won her world-wide admiration. She made her first attempt to reach Australia in April of last year, when she crashed at Karachi. Two months ago she started off again and this time came to grief on the outskirts of Rome. Undeterred, she made a third attempt and, after a flight devoid of mishaps, succeeded in beating Mrs. Mollison's record by 4½ days. Such a performance, demanding, as it did, the exercise of outstanding skill and daring, is even more remarkable when it is realized that Miss Batten's 'plane is nearly five years old

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

YOUTH OF THE EMPIRE: Some of the thousands of school-children who attended the special Empire Day Service at Peterborough Cathedral

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, May 30, 1934.

## OUR CROWDED HOUR OF CARNIVAL.

—The crowded hour of England's glorious life draws near. It is undeniable that no other country and no other season can offer such concentrated sparkle and thrill as can London and England in the beginning of June, with the social and sporting fixtures which belong to this phase of the season. There are the great golf championships being fought out; Derby and Derby sweep fever is already a notifiable disease; there are the trooping of the Colour, the King's birthday honours list, with its hopes and fears for the few; the Fourth of June at Eton, Derby Day and the Derby scene, with the Horse Show and Ascot in the offing; the regimental dinners bringing hundreds of old comrades together on the pavements of Piccadilly and St. James's. There are the Chelsea Flower Show, the first Test Match, and the Aldershot Tattoo. There are, indeed, thrills to suit all tastes, feasts for every man's eyes, an urgent impulse to every type of human being to join the queues, to buy every edition of the evening papers, to turn on the wireless, to peer over the fences and the heads of the crowd, to revel in the splendour of pageantry, and join in the riot of colour. Beautiful women, beautiful horses, beautiful frocks, beautiful blooms; strong men armed with swords, lances, bats, drivers, polo sticks, oars, riding-whips . . . fortunes to be wooed and won, nectar for the sipping, feasts for the hungry, and colour for drab lives. This is our true carnival time—through long grey months our misty island waits for its usually short ration of sunshine on which all depends, and when it comes, we kick over the traces and change our very natures. We acquire the sunny disposition of the Neapolitan; we claim, and substantiate our claim, to teach the sun countries how carnivals should be staged, and the experts from Europe and America have to admit that this usually fog-bound land has little to learn in that business, and much that is unique to offer. If any stay-at-home foreigner still needs to be convinced that in June London is the headquarters of the world's carnival of colour, thrill, and joy, let him switch on the London National at 21 hours (I won't translate it into terms of the 12-hour clock), and drink in the word pictures and the sporting results which pour forth in a continuous spate for about three-quarters of an hour night after night.

## THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—The High Commissioner, etc., to the Church of Scotland has been busy for ten days upon the historic ceremonial of the General Assembly. In old days it was always a peer who represented the King at Holyrood, and the keen interest in the function felt by Englishmen dates from the appointment after the War of a Socialist and a commoner. That appointment gave a touch of journalistic romance and made a "story," and the newspapers directed their beams on Holyrood. Mr. Buchan, whose second term of office is now drawing to an end, is well fitted for the task, for in spirit he is the very heart of the Heart of Midlothian, and wears the cloak of Scott and Stevenson. The famous and precipitous street which leads up from Holyrood House at the foot, past the old Wynds and St. Giles' Cathedral, to the Castle at the summit of the "Athens of the North," has been improved beyond recognition in the past few years. The King and Queen have taken immense interest in the restoration and rearrangement of sombre Holyrood, inside and outside, and the next improvement will, I hope, be the removal of a section of dingy wall outside the front court, which conceals a block of fine old houses, now safe from destruction, on the railway side. Generous landowners, such as Lord Rosebery, have safeguarded the preservation of some of the old Wynds on that *via dolorosa* of Montrose and other Scottish patriots, and one day the link between Holyrood and the Castle will be as fine as its historic memories and traditions deserve. Dear, sombre Edinburgh, I regard her as the last stronghold of British tradition, sanity, decency, and above all, of individual liberty.

## MR. BUCHAN ON SURRENDER OF LIBERTY.

—Nowadays, London newspapers take note not only of the High Commissioner's doings but of his sayings also. Mr. Buchan found occasion for pronouncements of a general political kind. Addressing the Assembly, he discoursed on liberty, passing from Church to State and from State to Civilization. I do not entirely follow his argument. He said very truly that the Church (and especially the Church of Scotland) had in the past laid emphasis on the freedom and responsibility of the individual soul. In contrast, in the political States to-day there was a general revolt against freedom, not for the love of manly discipline but from failure of nerve and courage. There was an impulse among the citizens of the world to huddle together and to seek salvation in herds, and so on. That argument, it seems to me, may apply to certain countries to-day as a result of temporary circumstances. But in Scotland and even in England I see no evidence to support it. I see, on the contrary, considerable anxiety on the part of the citizen at the restriction by timorous Governments of his inalienable right to freedom in thought and action, and not the smallest desire in the heart of the Briton to surrender his liberty to mass protection nor to huddle in herds. More fortunately circumstanced than Germany, Mr. Buchan's generalization seems to me quite inapplicable to Britain. But perhaps he was badly reported.

## STOCKS AND A STOCK-TAKING.

—A Socialist candidate has never yet ventured to stand for the home of lost causes, and put to the test the traditional conservatism of Oxford University. Socialism's attacks on Oxford (outside the University) have hitherto cut no ice. But since the War, at least among undergraduates, that tradition has been powerfully blown on. To-day thousands of those undergraduates are graduates and voters. In old days, even as late as days immediately pre-War, the socialism of an undergraduate was smiled on as a passing and not dangerous phase of adolescence. "He will get over it, as one gets over the measles," was the easy comment of dons and parents. Thus spoke the grown-ups of the socialism of Charles Lister and his contemporaries, in the lustre before the War. And now Professor J. L. Stocks has accepted an invitation to contest the University, that fort held for tradition by Lord Hugh Cecil and others. I am glad he has accepted. It will be curiously interesting and very salutary to take stock of University political opinion after fifteen years of change, and to verify a very mildewed label. I cannot

THE GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OF OPERA: A scene during the playing of Mozart's "Figaro" last week. The opera house, which has been built by Mr. John Christie, adjoins Glyndebourne in the heart of Sussex

# NDON NEWSLETTER

imagine a safer candidate from the point of view of the most tradition-bound Oxford man. If Oxford has indeed developed a red or pink rash on its chest, Dr. Stocks is the man to treat the complaint gently and on traditional lines. For he is very much a true son of Oxford; though he teaches philosophy in Manchester, he teaches the Oxford brand in the Oxford manner. He was educated at Rugby and Corpus Christi, and afterwards was made a Fellow and Tutor of St. John's. It was my privilege to play hockey with him at Oxford, once or twice on quite important occasions on the same side. I recollect that it was pleasanter to play with, than against, J. L. Stocks. For he had a terrible punch, and could make the white ball sing. I love Oxford and venerate her traditions, but I believe it will afford a most healthy and overdue revaluation if at the next election Mr. Stocks gives us all an opportunity to show where Oxford stands to-day in political thought. The home of lost causes has been too long the home of fogged issues.

*Figaro* with which the season opened this ourne Manor, a delightful Elizabethan home

## ST. GEORGE'S SITE.—

Prince George, presiding over the Court of Governors at St. George's Hospital, appropriately announced the famous site for sale, and added that the sale must not be long delayed if St. George's is to keep her place as an up-to-date hospital. For more than a year the rumours have been circulated and denied, but most people knew long ago that the removal of the hospital was inevitable. St. George's originated as the foundation of certain dissentient governors of Westminster Hospital who in 1733 converted the country villa of Lord Lanesborough into an infirmary, and here the Hunter brothers laid the foundations of the famous hospital over against "No. 1, London." And what a site it is, smaller than it looks, perhaps, but of infinite importance! Admirable, if traffic difficulties can be solved, for a great store; admirable, if there is *still* a demand, for the inevitable block of super flats; cheap at the price of three-quarters of a million. But, as one by one the great hospitals move away from the heart of central London, a new problem faces us. Where are the street casualties and the urgent cases to go? Already the problem of first aid, without considering the problem of out-patients, is urgent. It looks as if no hospital henceforth must be suffered to move entirely from its old site in the heart of London, but must retain an advanced dressing station there. But that merely gives rise to new problems. If provision is to be reserved for street casualties and out-patients, the staff and equipment of the hospital become hopelessly divided, the whole value of centralization goes. The sale of St. George's is indeed likely to bring to a head a new and a very difficult social problem affecting London.

## STEALING HAARLEM'S THUNDER.—

A week or two back I saw the Haarlem tulip fields at their best, and their best is very good indeed. Since then I have done a round of British tulip displays. They are done with now, but deserve an obituary. In London I fancy Victoria Gate took pride of place. It deservedly drew thousands of Londoners every hour of the day. The Buckingham Palace display and the other notable tulip beds in the London parks were not far behind, but I am not sure I should not give second prize to Lincoln's Inn, where the setting of ancient buildings and well laid out gardens delighted my heart, and seduced the lawyers from their law reports. Truly we have stolen Haarlem's thunder. Thousands of Englishmen this year discovered a new Haarlem in Lincolnshire and made pilgrimage thither by every means of locomotion. This triumph of British bulb growers may have something to do with the slump in tourists to Holland. The fact that Holland remains on the gold standard may have had something more to do with it. 7½ gulders go to a pound there and 7½ gulders don't go very far towards a square meal for two persons in Holland.

## MAE MURRAY SAYS A MOUTHFUL.—

Of Mae Murray I know all too little for an up-to-date journalist. She is, or was, I believe, a film star of first magnitude, and the other day she lost an action at law. It is always annoying to lose an action at law, because one always considers one's case is good. Mae Murray appears to have lost her case and her temper and was variously reported as having slapped or bitten the opposing counsel. But if her mouth was not full of counsel, it was full of wisdom, and she said a mouthful when she declared that there is no justice in America. She was indeed voicing a growing sense of public outrage at the corruption of the American magistrature, judiciary, and police. Before me, as I write, lie a sheaf of cuttings from responsible American journals all over the States testifying to the ever-growing rage at the corruption of the officers of justice. It has weakened the American citizen's faith in his Republic, it exaggerates the suspicion of collusion between politicians and magistrates and police on the one hand and gangsters and racketeers on the other. For years Americans have cynically admitted that there is not one law but a graded scale based on ability to pay, from motoring offences up to murder. Reading the clippings convinces me that, if there be any truth in journalism, one of Mr. Roosevelt's most pressing reforms should be an Augean cleansing of this monstrous corruption which contaminates the whole social fabric and threatens its security.

## MOZART AT GLYNDEBOURNE.—

If any lover of music remains hesitant after reading that charming and efficient invitation last week, by *The Times* musical correspondent, to the Mozart Festival at Glyndebourne, here is a last minute SOS. Do it now. Book one of the last remaining seats. London, Brighton, and Lewes are supporting Mr. John Christie's great effort, and are all agog to taste the merits of his new opera house under the Downs, which is admitted to be perfection in miniature, for acoustics and comfort of audience, cast, and orchestra. The first accounts of critics are full of praise, the company is well knit and well directed. The stage is set for Mozart in ideal conditions and Nature's stage is set (more gloriously never) for enjoying the beauty of Nature between the acts. Music within and without, beauty everywhere. You can enjoy the feast by leaving London about 3 p.m. and getting back in time for supper.

## YOUTH TRIUMPHANT?—

Dr. Masaryk has been elected for his third seven-year term as President of the Czechoslovak Republic. This grand old man (once a lecturer at King's College) is well known and immensely respected in England as in Europe. He is indeed the finest type of the guiding and controlling element in the troubled seas of European politics. How absurd it seems to talk of the age of youth triumphant, when one remembers that Masaryk and Hindenburg are both on the road to ninety years, and still have their hands on the brake. Dr. Masaryk is a philosopher and was wont to declare that the mind is only capable of clear thinking when the body is at rest. Certain it is that the counsel of the old men is not everywhere despised, and still plays a big part in stabilizing European politics, in harmonizing discordant elements, and in checking the precipitancy of youth. Masaryk and Hindenburg are as rocks in the stormy seas, and there are half-a-dozen more really old men who, in public or behind the scenes, are to-day playing really important parts in European politics.

## DOING SIR STANLEY'S WORK.—

Sir Stanley Jackson has been sitting in the judgment seat—the famous Committee window at Lord's—with a Lyttelton inevitably on his left-hand side—and studying form on the green acres in front of him and from the newspaper reports beside him. And in due course he issued his selections for the Test Match trial which begins on June 2 at Lord's. Whom will he and his colleagues choose for Trent Bridge? The general public will "nap" on their reputations Sutcliffe, Hammond, Ames, Robins, Nichols, and Verity, and on their recent form against the Australians, Wyatt Hendren, Leyland, Walters, and Pataudi. Plenty of batsmen to choose from, but, with Larwood always doubtful, the bowling is the trouble. It looks as if the final test will last into November.

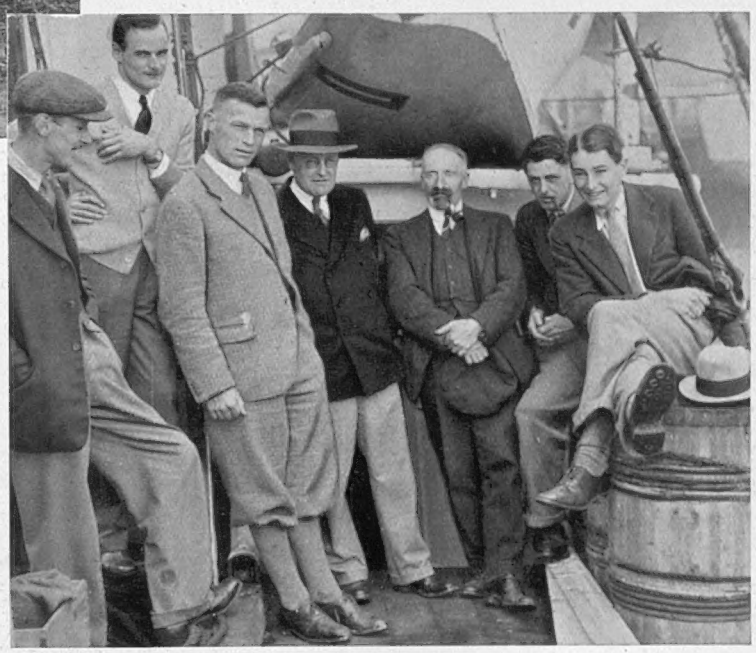
THE OLD STAGER

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, who was attended by 145 débutantes as Maids of Honour, cutting the giant cake at the seventh Birthday Ball held at Grosvenor House in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Lady Howard de Walden was Ball President

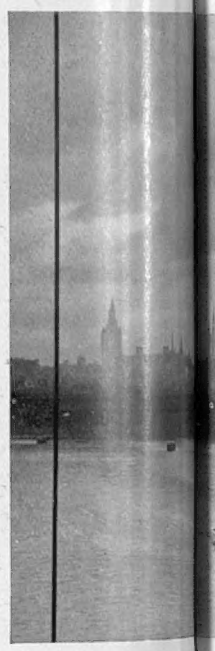
# THE WEEK AT

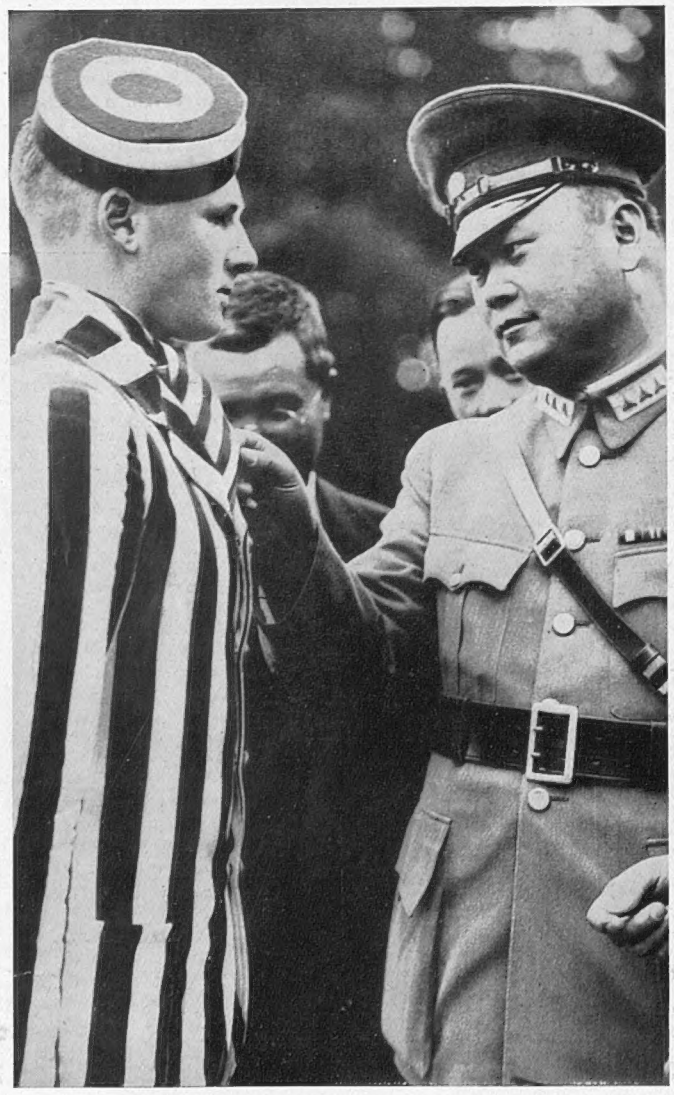
ROYAL INTEREST IN AVIATION: The Queen during her tour of Bircham Newton R.A.F. Station, Norfolk, which she visited with the King on Empire Air Day. Their Majesties inspected nearly every type of 'plane used in the Air Force

WAGING WAR ON A BLAZING HEATH: More than 500 soldiers, directed by aeroplanes a broke out this week over a large area in the neighbourhood of Guildford. The men are se and equipped with wet sacks with wh



AN ARCTIC ADVENTURE: *Left*—Members of the expedition led by Mr. J. M. Wordie of St. John's Colle it is a private venture and the main objectives will be the making of geological and other collecti Aberdeen harbour. The first place of ca





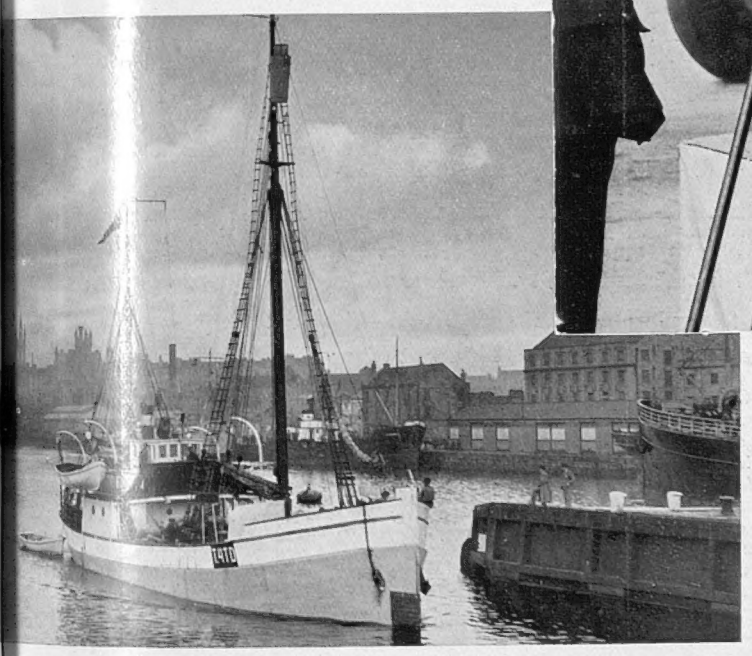
GENERAL YANG CHIEH, Commandant of the Nankin Staff College, was greatly interested in the caps worn by the cadets when he paid a visit to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst

HONOURING THE FOUNDER OF THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES ASSOCIATION: Sir Gordon Craig, Lord Milne, Lady Craig, and Lady Milne, arriving at Abney Park, for the ceremony at the grave of Capt. J. F. Danny

THE CHORUS OF T Saturday night on t hedge sparrow's

# HOME

dispatch riders, were mobilized to fight a heath fire which in this picture moving to the attack wearing steel helmets to beat out the flames



Cambridge, who left Aberdeen last week en route for the Canadian Arctic Islands. and the mapping of the coast line. *Right*—The expedition's vessel, *Heimen*, leaving in North-West Greenland

SIR ERIC GEDDES, Chairman of Imperial Airways, presenting the first Royal Air Mail pennant to the pilot of the outgoing air liner, *Hengist*. The Postmaster-General, Sir Kingsley Wood, is seen standing on the right

DAWN: Members of the British Empire Naturalists' Association spent last Surrey Downs where they met to listen to the dawn songs of the birds. The pup was first heard at 3,21 a.m., followed by the skylark seven minutes later

OPERA IN IDEAL SURROUNDINGS: Members of the audience strolling through the grounds of Glyndebourne Manor, near Lewes, during an interval in the performance of Mozart's *Figaro*, which was presented this week in the new opera house adjoining the manor

# THE GREAT CURRENCY QUESTION

## *The Present Chaotic Situation Abroad Summarized*

By J. BAKER WHITE

WHEN the World Economic Conference, or to give it its full title, The League of Nations Monetary and Economic Conference, adjourned last year *sine die*, with the bulk of its tasks left undone, the world currency situation was in a state of utter chaos.

In fact, this chaos was one of the main causes of the breakdown of the Conference. To-day the world's monetary system is confusion worse confounded, but in this country the ordinary person, unless engaged in the import and export trade, realizes little of the real state of affairs until perhaps he or she decides to indulge in foreign travel. I place myself in this category. A few days in three different countries in Europe, armed with pound notes worth 20s. at Dover and not much more than 12s. at Calais, brought me face to face with the problem and started me on the search for more information.

"On and off gold" constitutes the first part of the great currency muddle. "The Gold Group," i.e., those countries still on the gold standard, is composed of Belgium, France, Italy, Holland, and Switzerland. The group of countries that are off the gold standard officially is led by Britain and Japan. The United States has suspended gold payments, invested the President with far-reaching powers for the control of the currency, is operating off the gold basis, and of late has been making extensive purchases of gold. Soviet Russia occupies a curious position in that her enormously inflated currency—in Russia you can see dozens of rouble notes marked with the same number—is intended only for internal circulation. Germany is nominally on gold—nominally in that less than 5 per cent. of the notes in circulation are backed by gold—but with one terrible experience still fresh in her memory, she is taking every possible step to resist inflation of her currency.

*A propos* of Germany, a business man put this question to me: "Our budget is balanced, we are financially sound, our trade is slowly but steadily improving. We are probably the most prosperous nation in the world to-day and when I go abroad I am allowed to take reasonably large quantities of money with me. Of the £450,900,000 worth of notes in circulation or at the Bank of England nearly £191,000,000 worth are backed by gold. Germany's economic position is not nearly so sound as ours, her export trade is declining, less than 5 per cent. of her money is backed by gold, and the strictest measures are in force to prevent the export of currency. Yet an English pound is worth only 12s. 6d. in Germany. Why?" Having just been through the experience of cashing a number of £2 travellers' cheques in Germany and getting the equivalent of 25s. 6d. apiece for them I replied weakly and ineffectively that we were "off gold" and Germany "on gold," suggesting that Mr. Montagu Norman and Dr. Schacht might be able to answer his question. Actually, it is a perfectly natural and sensible one, illustrating forcibly one aspect of the currency muddle.

THEN there is the great rouble mystery. The Soviet Government, with control over industry, finance, and trade, does not use roubles in its trading operations with other countries. Purchases from abroad are paid for by the sale of Russian exports in the world markets, the exchange and credit operations being carried out by the Soviet banking institutions abroad. The Soviet also has baits to attract foreign currencies to Russia. These baits take the form of Torgsin shops—selling articles of food and clothing not generally obtainable in the State shops: furs, antiques, and jewellery—accepting payment in foreign currencies, and State loans offering 7 per cent. interest to the investor. But the traveller in Russia finds himself face to face with the rouble mystery. The rate of exchange for roubles was fixed by the Soviet Government at about 9.60 to the pound or approximately 2s. per rouble. When Britain went off the gold standard the Soviet re-fixed the rate at approximately 6.40 to the pound, or 3s. 1½d. per rouble. But anyone who has travelled in Russia is well aware that whereas on entering the country they are offered the official rate of 6.40 roubles to the pound for their sterling currency, they can, if they succeed in taking their English money to Moscow, obtain as much as 120 to 140 roubles to the pound from the dealers on the illegal Black Bourse or from foreign residents. These buyers are not philanthropists, and if they are prepared to sell roubles for 2d. each instead of 3s. 1½d. they obviously expect to make some profit out of the transaction. So here is a mystery. If the official exchange rate is accurate, provisions and other goods in Russia are terribly expensive. If these goods are after all not so expensive when measured according to world prices, then the official rate for roubles is a fake.

The countries in the gold group obviously believe that their economic safety depends upon their having the largest possible stocks of the precious metal. According to *The Economist* index France's gold reserves rose from £452,000,000 in March, 1931, to £621,000,000 in December, 1933. In the same period Belgium's rose from £41,000,000 to £78,000,000, Holland's from £37,000,000 to £76,000,000, Italy's from £57,000,000 to £77,000,000, and Switzerland's from £26,000,000 to £79,000,000. The total reserves of the gold group rose from £613,000,000 to £911,000,000. Yet the economic state of these countries has not improved in consequence of these increased reserves. In 1931 unemployment was almost unknown in France, being regarded as a disease afflicting Germany and Britain. To-day France has over 379,000 registered unemployed, with about 40 per cent. of her industrial workers on short time, as against 70,000 in 1931. Italy has 1,103,000 registered workless, as compared with 765,000 in March, 1931, while salaries were recently reduced by Government decree. In Belgium about 20 per cent. of registered workers are out of employment, compared with 11 per cent. in 1931, and in Holland the number of unemployed has increased in the same period from 122,000 to 387,000. France, Italy, and Switzerland have all lost valuable tourist traffic by their adherence to gold.

AT THE SAME TIME some people harbour the delusion that departure from the gold standard helps a nation's export trade. There was a temporary trade advantage, but in most cases it did not last long, as actually other countries immediately took steps to minimise any advantages exporters might gain from depreciated currencies. France and Germany put on quotas and special tariffs, while Italy put into force a law enabling the Government to increase duties to counterbalance the depreciation of other countries' currencies. Japan went quietly and undramatically off the gold standard, depreciated the yen by over 41 per cent. in terms of sterling, and proceeded to capture important Eastern markets from Britain. At long last our Government has taken some steps to check this process in the Colonial and Dominion markets. Our main gain from being off the gold standard has been increased tourist traffic from abroad, but in spite of what some politicians tell us dislocation of the international money market cannot possibly benefit trade.

Out of the currency muddle has grown up a devastating system of monetary control instituted by various countries to protect their currencies—or prevent them from collapsing completely—and making the free flow of international trade impossible. The more important restrictions, taken from an admirable Department of Overseas Trade memorandum, are summarized in the panel at the foot of this page.

It is not difficult to imagine the strangling effect of these regulations on international trade and on the payment of dividends on foreign investments.

British people travelling abroad will find themselves up against some of these restrictions, and particularly they will feel the effect of the depreciated pound unless they take certain steps. Fifty good English pounds have a purchasing value of only just over £30 in France or Germany. As far as the latter country is concerned, a much better rate of exchange can be obtained by taking Register marks, obtainable through a bank, but the daily quantity is restricted, they have to be cashed through certain banks—the process sometimes takes an hour or so—and they are not cashable on Sundays or holidays. Never take coin from one country to another, as owing to its weight the exchange value of it is much lower than that of notes. The weight of currency is an important factor in these days.

THE GOLDEN RULE is to pay for as much as possible—railway fares and hotel expenses—before leaving this country. This is quite easily done through a travel agency and there is an admirable system devised specially for motorists. European travel is very pleasant and need not be expensive provided the existence of the great currency muddle is realized and guarded against as far as possible.

In the report made by the committee of experts at Geneva and embodied in the agenda of the World Economic Conference there were some very pertinent remarks concerning the harmful effects of exchange restrictions, and they went as far as to say that it had "caused national measures, defensively intended, to breed virtual economic warfare." In spite of the very real significance of this warning politicians of the world assembled for the conference adjourned with their main task left undone.

Many people are apt to blame the banking institutions in this and other countries for the currency muddle, and having blamed them make a demand for their political control. The truth of the matter is that the muddle is no fault of the banks, and that they are doing the best they possibly can under most difficult circumstances. Bankers understand the position infinitely better than do politicians, and were it not for the steps taken by the banking groups in various countries in co-operation with one another, the situation would probably be far more complicated. If anybody is to blame it is the politicians, and not the bankers. In this country the Bank of England and the joint stock banks have played their part with admirable efficiency in the difficult post-War years.

## MONETARY REGULATIONS

### Which Strangle International Trade—The Present Position in Fourteen Different Countries

**Germany.**—*Only 50 Reichsmarks (£2 10s. at par) of foreign currency may be taken or sent out of the country. It is forbidden to take or send Reichsmark notes, Reichsbank notes, Rentenbank notes, private German banknotes, or German gold coins abroad. Persons whose sole residence is in Germany may take abroad with them travellers' cheques or letters of credit up to the value of 150 marks (£7 10s. at par) per month, but not in more than three months per year. Beyond these limits money may only be taken or sent abroad with the permission of the exchange control authorities. Such permission is not easy to obtain, and there is often real difficulty in carrying on trading transactions with Germany, monthly quotas being allotted only to regular importers.*

**Bulgaria.**—*Allocations of exchange are made quarterly. The percentages allotted in respect of maturing bills have been decreased to very small amounts in the majority of cases.*

**Czechoslovakia.**—*Imports of most classes of goods allowed only after authorization of payment has been obtained from the National Bank.*

**Denmark.**—*Import licences required in respect of most classes of goods. No difficulties in obtaining sterling for the payment of* bona fide *commercial transactions.*

**Esthonia.**—*Strict control. Goods of vital necessity are guaranteed for payment on date of maturity. Payment for other classes may be delayed if required currency is not available.*

**Hungary.**—*Control exercised by the National Bank involves in many cases payment by the purchaser of exchange at a premium which may be as much as 35 per cent. above the official rate.*

**Latvia.**—*Import licences required in most cases, but they do not guarantee the provision of exchange, which is granted only for the more necessary imports.*

**Rumania.**—*Strict control. Payment can only be obtained after three months from the date of import. Delays often occur even after the three months have elapsed.*

**Yugoslavia.**—*Strict control. In general exchange is obtained through official channels only with the greatest difficulty.*

**Bolivia.**—*Exchange resources are insufficient to meet commercial requirements.*

**Brazil.**—*The exchange position is difficult. Delays up to six months or more after maturity of bills may be experienced before payment is actually received.*

**Colombia.**—*Delays up to three months after maturity are usual.*

**Uruguay.**—*The supply of exchange is insufficient for current trade.*

**U.S.A.**—*An Act of March 9, 1933, provided "(1) that gold coin, bullion, and gold certificates may be exported only under licence of the Secretary of the Treasury and that private holdings must be exchanged for legal tender money of other categories; (2) that foreign exchange transactions are authorized only for (a) legitimate and normal business requirements, (b) reasonable travelling and personal requirements, (c) fulfilment of contracts made prior to March 6, 1933." There is an embargo on gold exports.*

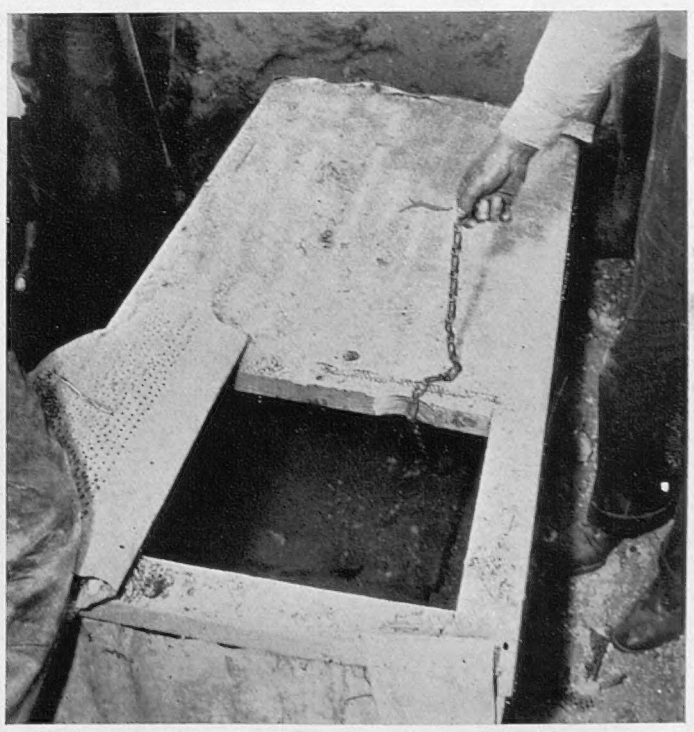
# EUROPE and the U.S.

A HABSBURG RETURNS IN TRIUMPH: Chancellor Dollfuss with Archduke Eugene, one-time Governor of Tirol, who was greeted with great enthusiasm by the people of Vienna when he returned to Austria after fifteen years self-imposed exile in Switzerland. Some years ago he refused to take the oath of fealty to the Republic

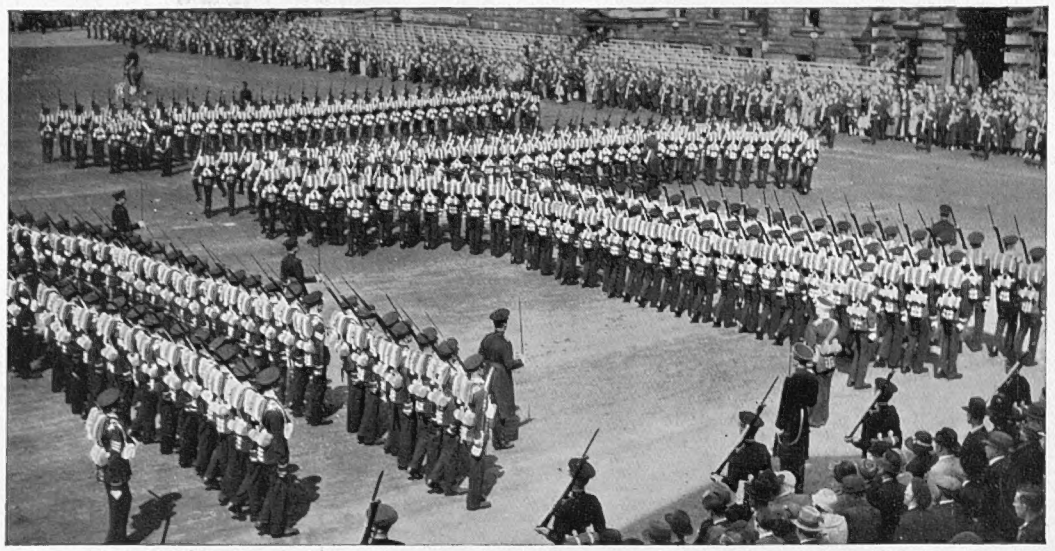
CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S GRAND OLD MAN: Dr. T. G. Masaryk driving through the streets of Prague after he had been re-elected President of the Republic for a third term of seven years. He was opposed by a Communist, but gained an overwhelming majority. The President, who was eighty-four on March 7, first took office in November, 1918, when the revolutionary National Assembly chose him as President without the formality of an election

GERMANY AND THE SAAR: The annual assembly of the V.D.A. (Union of Germans Abroad) was to have been held at Saarbrucken, but this was forbidden by the Governing Commission of the Saar district. The venue was accordingly changed and a mass meeting (seen above) took place at Mainz when Dr. Hans Steinacher made a speech honouring the memory of Germany's War victims

CHEERED BY HIS PEOPLE: King Boris of Bulgaria made his first public appearance following the military coup d'état, when the Feast of St. Cyril was celebrated in Sofia. He is seen here passing through a crowd of cheering citizens, accompanied by the Minister for War and other members of the new Government



THE FIENDISH CRUELTY OF THE KIDNAPPER: *Left*—Six-year-old June Robles with her parents and her younger sister after she had been returned to her home in Tucson, Arizona. Nineteen days previously she was seized by three men as she was leaving school and incarcerated in a box built into the ground beneath a cactus tree. The inhabitants of Tucson joined in a general hunt for the lost girl, but she was not found until a letter from the kidnappers was received by the Governor of Arizona stating where she was hidden. A party immediately went to the spot indicated and discovered June in the metal box seen in the right-hand picture. Her legs were shackled and she was suffering from prickly heat and lack of food. The whole world has been shocked by this crime, which is one of the most dastardly that has occurred since the death of the Lindbergh baby



MARTIAL POMP: The full-dress rehearsal of the Trooping of the Colour which was held on the Horse Guards Parade on Empire Day

INSPECTING THE ROCK GARDENS: The King and Queen during their visit to the Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

"THE ROCK"—A NOTABLE PRODUCTION AT SADLER'S WELLS: This pageant play, the words for which have been written by Mr. T. S. Eliot, was presented this week with a cast drawn from a number of London parishes, and with the Bishop of London appearing in the finale. It is being produced in aid of the Forty-Five Churches Fund for the diocese of London, and is a somewhat unconventional mixture of ecclesiastical history, politics, and cockney satire. The main action deals with a little group of workmen engaged in building a church. They encounter many difficulties—from poor soil for the foundations, from lack of money with which to continue the work, and from Communist agitators. A chorus, as in Greek tragedy, comments at intervals on the needs and troubles of the Church to-day. On the whole the play makes good entertainment, particularly in the scene where Redshirts and Blackshirts fight over a modern calf of gold set up by a plutocrat. There are many, however, who will find it difficult to agree with some of Mr. Eliot's boldly expressed views

# THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR

## *The Real Significance of this Picturesque Ceremony*

THE VAST square of the Horse Guards Parade is marked off by scarlet troops of those battalions of the Guards now garrisoned in London.

Behind them are the stands which hold privileged spectators. Behind them, on the north, the windows and roof of the new Admiralty Buildings are alive with people. Southwards the windows of the Foreign Office are vivid with folks, while there are people on the roofs of Downing Street—even on the roof of the sacred No. 10. Eastward is the black mass of the Horse Guards, in front of which the King will presently take his stand. Westward, across the Park, a carpet of people who, if they cannot see, may yet be counted on to cheer.

In the centre of the square is the battalion of the Guards Regiment which provides the King's Guard for the day. This year it is the Welsh Guards—of which the Prince is Colonel-in-Chief—on whom the grave duty of the Trooping falls. There they are, drawn up in companies in the centre of the square, the company which is to escort the Colour down the line being stationed apart. For safety's sake the King's Colour is entrusted to a sergeant, who stands immovable between two sentries.

THE scene so set by the Adjutant-in-Brigade Waiting, he now hands over to the Field Officer in Command. Enter the King on his charger, followed by the Princes, various headquarters staffs, the staff of the Brigade of Guards, and the Attachés of foreign Powers. The King moves slowly to the saluting base before the Horse Guards. The great ceremony is about to begin.

The sergeant renders the safe keeping of the Colour to the regimental sergeant-major. The "regimental" draws his sword—it is the only occasion on which he ever draws it. He draws it now as a symbol that he will defend the Colour to the death. In turn, he hands it to a subaltern, who passes it on to the Colour Ensign, who is to bear it down the ranks. "God Save the King!" The King salutes the Colour, which is the symbol of loyalty to the Throne of which he is the occupant. Then up and down the ranks of the regiment which provides the King's guard for the day goes the Colour to the music of the massed bands of the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards with drums and fifes—and all this to the tune of "The British Grenadiers" because, in olden days, it was to the Grenadier Company of a regiment that the Colour was always entrusted. Then the march past, led by the Household Cavalry—this year it is the Royal Horse Guards Blue. First at the slow march, when the Colours are dipped as they pass the King. Then at the quick march, when they are not. And all this while the massed bands play up and down, following the leadership of the drum majors, stiff with gold, whose staffs never falter in their unfailing signals and whose feet never hesitate throughout their intricate evolutions.

"God Save the King" again, and when the King with his glittering retinue has vanished, there has passed for another year a military pageant of which there is not the like in any other country.

FROM the day since the Pope blessed the standard which William the Conqueror bore at Hastings, the King's Colours have always been a rallying point for the King's men. But it was not until comparatively modern times that the Colour assumed an especial and practical significance which presently grew into the Army's life. Volumes have been written on the subject, but it is clear that early in the seventeenth century *the "Ensigne" who had charge of the Colours could not "lodge" them or "dislodge" them without an escort.* And thereby the "Ensigne's Lodgeing," wherever it might be, became the rallying point of the King's troops in the event of alarm. It was out of this nightly ceremony that there grew a morning one of more elaborate proportions. It was in 1755 that the Duke of Cumberland, then Commander-in-Chief of the Army, desired a better discipline and a greater sobriety in the King's forces. He, therefore, ordained that "if a Guard was to be mounted with Colours," the Captain should "send for them in form." From this grew the ceremony of guard mounting, and out of that the ceremonial of Trooping the regiment's colours. From that again was gradually evolved the wonderful ritual employed by the Guards when Trooping the King's Colour on a monarch's birthday.

But throughout the years—from the day when William the Conqueror leaped on to the shore at Hastings—the King's Standard has always been the rallying point of the Throne. True, the old order of military manuals—strange documents—has changed, giving place to the new. But the spirit changes not. And amid all the proud martial pomp of the Trooping on Monday next there will breathe the same spirit of honour and loyalty to the King. With a tramp, stamp, tramp, His Majesty's Guards will on Monday reaffirm in spirit that oath of allegiance which each has separately made. It is in reality the spirit and the meaning underlying the Trooping which marks the occasion as a great one in the Nation's life.

Edward Bradden

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE PASSION PLAY: The vast audience strolling outside the theatre during the lunch interval. Although it is only four years, instead of the usual ten, since the last presentation of the play, people from all parts of the world have been flocking into the little village and filling the hotels and pensions to capacity. The number of Indians present this year is particularly noticeable

A BAD TIME FOR THE BARBER: Those taking part in the Passion Play let their hair grow long for about eighteen months before the first performance. Even the barber, who is seen on the left, does this

# IN COSMOPOLITAN OBERAMMERGAU

TAXI DRIVER AND ACTOR: His temporary beard gives him an added distinction

b

AT THE N.R.A. HEADQUARTERS: A code of wages and hours of work is being drawn up for every industry in the United States, and this great notice board shows when and where the various hearings are to take place

# UNDER THE BLACK EAGLE

## *A Second Article by James E. Abbé on Political Life in Washington to-day and the Work of the National Recovery Administration*

*Last week Mr. James E. Abbé, the well-known American press photographer and journalist, described a visit to the White House and to the headquarters of the National Recovery Administration. In the following notes he introduces us to the dynamic General Johnson, ruler of the N.R.A., and to Mrs. Rainey, wife and secretary of the Speaker of the House.*

**POLITICIANS WHOSE WIVES ARE THEIR SECRETARIES.**—As far as I ever observed in France, England, and Germany, no important public man ever put his wife on the Government pay roll as his secretary. It may be that accounts for all the jams which public men in those countries get into, just because they don't follow the example of American men in office whose wives are their well-paid secretaries. Perhaps if the next Premier of France slips his wife into a 5,000 dollars per year billet to do his worrying for him he'll remain in office for at least a year. But if that sort of thing should become the vogue in France I'll bet the secretary-wife would not be permitted so much verbal rope as is accorded Madame, the wife of Speaker of the House Rainey.

Hanging up her telephone receiver and turning to me, Mrs. Rainey lost no time in telling me what the N.R.A. was doing for us downtrodden American wage earners, little business men, and how the N.R.A. was helping big business men. I gathered from her tone that the last named were being helped without their knowledge of it. Without bothering to get my name straight, or learn whether or not I was for or against the N.R.A., she had started her speech.

The jovial, hail-fellow-well-met Capitol reporter who had introduced us, remarked to Speakeress Rainey that I'd spent some time in Bolshevik Russia, so she started out to tell me about it—all about it. She hadn't been there herself, but Speaker Rainey had, which is the same thing. It turns out that he was the lone wolf who discovered that there was no forced labour in Russia. Mr. Rainey went to Russia at his own expense, as a volunteer, A Congressional commission had decided that, what with conflicting reports as to the forced labour which trickled into Washington in a torrent, some member of the House would have to go and see for himself, on behalf of the U.S. Government. He went and at his own expense, but his wife says "money is of no importance."

A PRESENT FOR THE PRESIDENT: Mr. Roosevelt finds time to see an enormous percentage of his many callers. This little girl journeyed all the way from Eaton, Michigan, to present him with the first Buddy poppy of 1934. These are sold on behalf of the widows and orphans of ex-servicemen

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR OF THE N.R.A.: General Hugh Johnson engaged in his weekly conference with representatives of the Press. He is an affable and genial personality, and is generally considered to be an ideal second-in-command to the President

As Speakeress Rainey warmed to her subject she rose from her desk, and I politely rose, too. After five minutes of standing up against the cyclone I began to get a little faint and meekly suggested we sit down. She ordered her second assistant secretary to pull up chairs right in the centre of the fine old office, directly under an enormous chandelier which, I imagined, might fall on the two of us, or at least one of us, from concussion.

I didn't feel uneasy about her husband getting jealous, for it was all out in the open. Folks coming and going or standing in the corridor would stop to listen.

Only in Moscow do I remember wives of important officials themselves holding public offices. And certainly in the days of democracy Speaker of the House was an important function when it came to formulating policy. Consequently I feel Mrs. Rainey speaks with accurate information of matters of Government. For her own good, however, she would be well advised to talk a little less freely. Some journalist might report her verbatim.

* *

**THE RULER OF THE N.R.A.**—Fifty-three newly-appointed N.R.A. field generals sat down at two long tables facing Field Marshal (as I call him) General Johnson this morning. Appointed by President Roosevelt to rule over all N.R.A. affairs locally in the forty-eight States of the U.S.A., these capable-appearing individuals presented a picture which would have gladdened the heart of a believer in big-scale State planning. They would sadden the heart of anyone who clung to democratic government.

That this body of men represented a new form of government in the United States was apparent to the merest layman present. The manner in which they got down to business, listened to the opening address of Secretary of Commerce Roper, and then welcomed that picturesque old martinet General Johnson, was in keeping with the spirit of determination which is evident in Washington, the fountain head of N.R.A.ism.

Despite the assurance of both General Johnson and Roper, that N.R.A. was an emergency organization, and would turn the regulation of business back to business men and groups, and industry back to industrialists, it wasn't difficult to imagine that such an organization of centralized authority would be as necessary to consolidate and continue the emergency work as to function during the economic and industrial crisis which does now exist.

Conversations with individual members of this field organization after the opening session, brought out the fact that they are not looking further ahead than the planning of State economy. Not one of the three I interviewed could explain to me how the old-established order of parliamentary government could handle the economic and social life of the country without itself becoming just what the N.R.A. is to-day.

Mr. Bradford, N.R.A. representative for the State of Washington, said that he was seeing realized the project which he had worked for and hoped for during thirty years. For this he had at various times been labelled a Communist, Anarchist, and what not, back home.

They were a fine body of men. Looking nothing like fanatics, or the type we have been led to believe revolutionists in other countries. Bradford is a lawyer, and has never held political office. The Oregon representative for the N.R.A., Mr. Freed, was a fine, keen-faced, quiet-spoken man of forty-five or so, not at all the type one would connect with Radical movements. Mr. Nathan Strauss, junr., of New York, slender, with delicate features, asked some pretty pertinent questions, one of which was, "Are the N.R.A. labour directors in the respective States to be appointed by Washington

*(Continued on p. 372)*

# BULGARIA: THE HEART OF THE BALKANS

*Scenes in the Country To-day, Taken by W. Rickmer Rickmers*

NAMED AFTER PHILIP OF MACEDON: The city of Philippopolis, now known by the less euphonious name of Plovdiv, stands on the River Maritza in the very heart of Bulgaria. Rising from the city are a number of rocky hills which greatly add to its charm. It has been a centre of trade since Roman times, when it was the chief town of Thrace, but suffered a severe setback in 1818 when it was almost overwhelmed by an earthquake

FORBIDDEN TERRITORY: Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, derives its water supply from the Rila Alps, which tower to a height of 10,000 ft. In order that the drinking water may be kept pure, tourists are not allowed to enter the valleys where the springs are situated, and wherever paths touch the boundaries of this territory maps are displayed to give due warning

MELNIK—THE DEAD CITY OF MACEDONIA: In ancient times it was a haven of refuge for the wealthy nobles of Byzantium who had fallen into disgrace, and there are still to be seen the remains of some seventy churches which testify to the city's former magnificence. Centuries of warfare in the Balkans have reduced the population of Melnik from 30,000 to 700, and for every house standing to-day there are at least a hundred ruins

*Below*—A NATIONAL HERO: The grave of James Bourchier (1850–1920) who for thirty years was *The Times* correspondent in the Balkans, and during its many vicissitudes ceaselessly championed the Bulgarian nation. When he died he was laid to rest in the hills near the famous Rila Monastery, amid some of the most superb scenery in the country

# THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER

## to the Church of Scotland—How the Office, now Held by Mr. John Buchan, Evolved

TRADITIONAL PAGEANTRY: The procession arriving for the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland which took place in Edinburgh last week

THE OFFICE of Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had its origin in the peculiar circumstances of the Reformation in the Northern Kingdom.

The Assembly took shape spontaneously in 1560, when Mary was still Queen of France; and it grew in the early stages without serious question. After Mary's return to Scotland in 1561 we have the first premonition of subsequent controversy over the relation of unauthorized ecclesiastical conventions to the power of the Crown—the question whether the Reformation in Scotland was to follow the lines laid down in England or was to result in a free Church.

Maitland of Lethington, disapproving the rigorous policy of Knox, and anxious to bring Mary by diplomatic treatment gradually into a Protestant alliance with Elizabeth, expressed doubts as to the legality of ecclesiastical meetings without the express authority of the Crown. This was the celebrated occasion on which Knox answered that, if the liberty of the kirk stood upon Mary's permission, there would be no assemblies and an end to public preaching of the Evangel. The state of popular feeling did not warrant active interference: for the Reformers had the support of a great majority among the nobles and barons, who feared reaction, and were not yet seriously divided by the pretensions of the Assembly or by the struggle for the property of the Old Church. It was admitted, however, that the Queen might, if she wished, send her Commissioners to hear what was done.

DURING the remainder of Mary's reign no action was taken. When Moray became Regent for James VI, and the religious revolution was finally ratified, the General Assembly was strengthened, and began to have theocratic pretensions. It sought to draw the Regent, Morton, and the Privy Council into its net; but Morton "misliked the General Assemblies" and held aloof, asking who empowered them to convocate the King's lieges without his advice.

The Scottish Parliament, as representative of the nation, was out of date, and nothing had been done by way of reform to meet the interest aroused by the Reformation. The Assembly, on the other hand, included a large proportion of lay elders; its vitality and opportunities for free debate were a menace to the sovereignty of the High Court. When James VI assumed royal power, he abandoned the negative attitude of Morton. Appointing Commissioners to the Assembly, he instructed them not "to vote or conclude," and dexterously turned them from invited participants into effective instruments of royal control. He regularly named members of Council who were in many cases officers of State, and he began to direct letters of studied admonition delivered by an emissary of the household.

The various devices by which James gradually reduced the Assembly to subjection included a free use of commissioners. After his accession to the English throne he was able to make the process complete. The scene at the Perth Assembly in 1618, when unwelcome legislation was forced upon the kirk, vividly illustrates the royal success: "There was set in the little church a long table, and at the head thereof a short cross table. At the cross table were set chairs for His Majesty's Commissioners and the Moderator. At the sides of the long table were set forms for noblemen, barons, burgesses, bishops, and doctors. The ministers were left to stand behind, as if their place and part had been only to behold."

THE SCENE IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL where Mr. John Buchan, M.P., the Lord High Commissioner, delivered a powerful opening address. "Throughout the world to-day," he pointed out, "there is a danger of revolt against freedom, not for the love of manly discipline, but out of sheer failure of nerve"

The Union of 1603 eventually brought about the appointment of a single Commissioner. For the High Court of Parliament, when the King did not attend, it became necessary to send a representative of his person. This usage seems to have affected procedure in relation to the General Assembly. In 1639, when Charles I had to countenance an Assembly and a Parliament to deal with the controversies he had aroused, the Earl of Traquair was High Commissioner to both, acting under a single patent

AT THE REVOLUTION, after a chequered history of abeyance, dominance, and suppression, the Assembly was reinstated as a Court of the Realm; and it was natural that a High Commissioner should represent the Crown, now sworn to maintain the Presbyterian kirk. He came, however, no longer as the exponent of royal supremacy and control. It was the elected Moderator who named the day for the next meeting: the concurrence of the Commissioner was a ceremonial mark of recovered freedom.

The High Commissioner to Parliament disappeared at the Union of 1707; the High Commissioner to the General Assembly remained. After two centuries of controversy in adjusting the relations of Church and State, he appears in the name of His Majesty as a witness to the nationality of a reunited kirk, and to the royal interest in its autonomous deliberations; and this public recognition of an institution peculiarly national has a significance which brings Scots, whether members of the kirk or no, to pay their respects to His Grace at Holyrood.

R. K. H.

THE HIGH CONSTABLES OF HOLYROOD marching in the procession before last week's opening of the General Assembly

# ART NEWS from ITALY

"SUMMER," BY FELICE CARENA: A pleasing study at the Venice Biennial Art Exhibition by Italy's most brilliant modern painter

"A GIRL OF THE SEA": An exhibit by G. F. Ferazzi at the Biennial Art Exhibition. *Above on left*—"Nymph," by Carlo Sbisa

THE OPENING OF THE BIENNIAL ART EXHIBITION IN VENICE: King Victor Emmanuel delivering the inaugural address

MADAME HOHLENBERG: A portrait by the Danish artist, E. A. Jensen, on view in the nineteenth century section of the Venice Exhibition

## A Lost Giorgione?

Last year considerable interest was aroused in art circles by the discovery of a painting which Signor Giorgio Sangiorgi, the critic and collector, claimed was the lost *Æneas and Anchises* by Giorgione. He was able to produce some convincing evidence in proof of this, and a large number of critics appear to agree that the picture is authentic. The portrait seen on the right is another new discovery, and here again Giorgione is being hailed as its creator. So many works have been erroneously ascribed to this Venetian painter that we must accept this view with some reservation. It is of interest, however, that the date on the canvas is 1506 (Giorgione died in 1511), and the style certainly resembles that of the great master

ATTRIBUTED TO GIORGIONE: The portrait which has recently been discovered in a cellar beneath the Art History Museum, Vienna

# WHERE IS MAGNA CARTA?

## *And Which is the Original Document with which King John was Confronted at Runnymede?—The Question Discussed*

*Two pageants, "The Pageant of Magna Carta" and "The Pageant of Parliament," are in active preparation for celebrating one of the landmarks of English history—the granting of Magna Carta at Runnymede. Mr. Winston Churchill has written a moving pen-picture of "the Greatest Half-hour in our History." These several matters have drawn attention to the great central document itself—the Charter. Domesday Book, we know, is preserved in the Record Office, but where is the original Charter put before King John? An initial research reveals the fact that there is not one document in the field but several, and it is not easy at the moment to say which is the document of greatest import, from the point of view of a national pageant of celebration. The documents which do exist appear to have come down to us with a strong element of luck—some of them have had very curious histories, as the following article will show. Here is the state of affairs as far as one can discover at the moment:—*

RECORD OFFICE: Possesses an important document relating to amendments to the Charter.

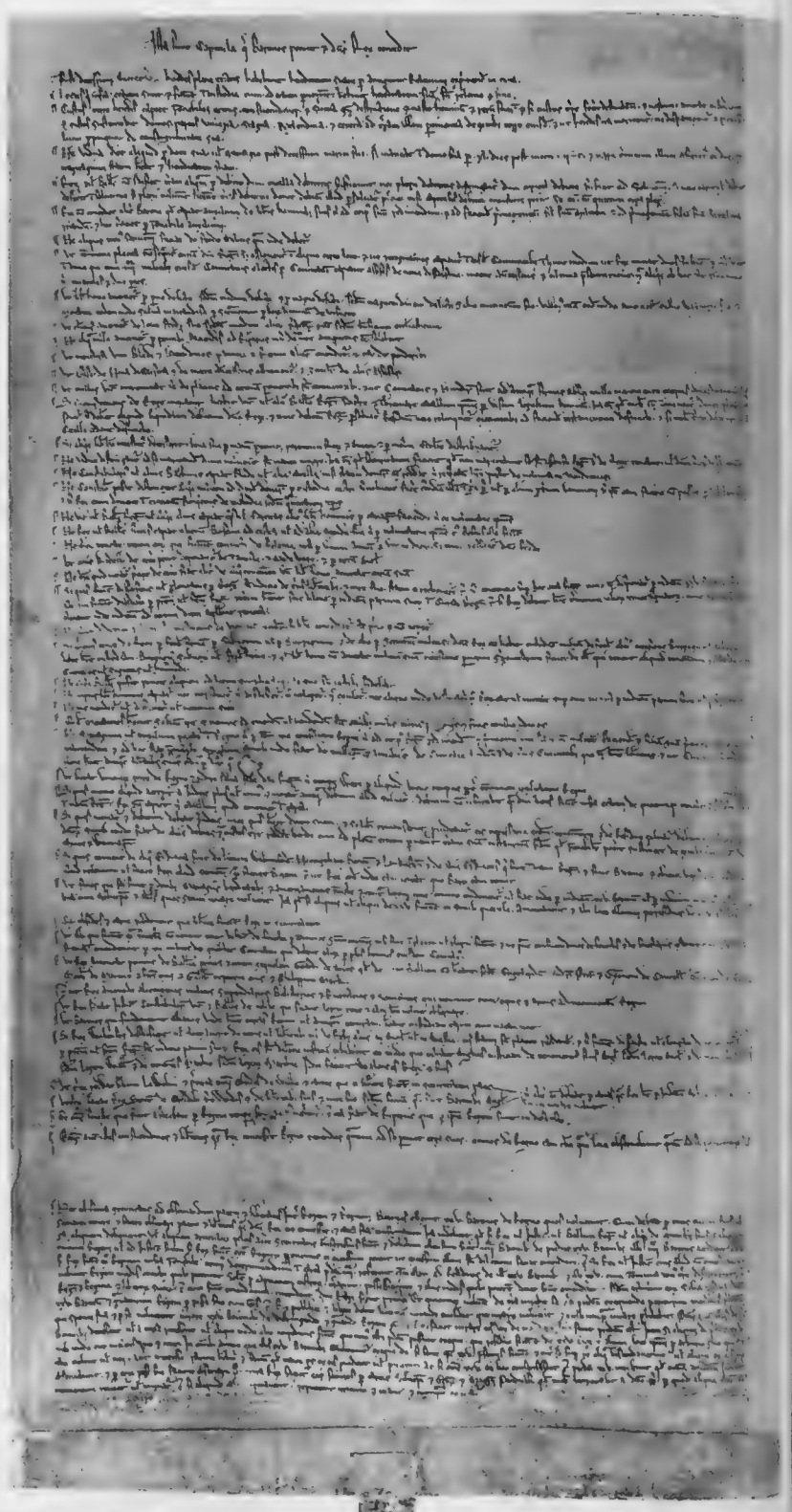
BRITISH MUSEUM: Possesses two copies of the main setting-out of the clauses of the Charter—one damaged by fire and another in more perfect condition—and a document purporting to be the original articles drawn up and presented to the King at Runnymede.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: A good example of the copied Charter—perhaps the best of the copies.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: Another of the official copies.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS' LIBRARY: A document which may be of very special importance.

***Which of these documents is the veritable parchment upon which the infuriated monarch gazed is, however, still a matter of conjecture,***



VERY VIVIDLY I remember learning about the signing of Magna Carta at Runnymede and visualizing the scene, coloured by a rather active imagination.

King John, surrounded by his hostile nobles, frowning down at the document spread out before him, teeth gnawing nervously at his underlip, furtive eyes glancing from right to left, seeking for a last moment evasion, trying to find a way of escape, a modification of terms, a delay or an adjournment. White tents on the green meadows, fluttering pennons and long black lances sloping against the soft blue sky, the sun blazing on gleaming breastplates and glittering helmets; the loud, prolonged mutter and roar of angry, disputing voices as those fierce figures, relentless, determined, threatening, pressed round the King; and then at last, a sudden hush of silence, when the pen wavered in the shaking fingers, and travelled slowly, uncertainly, across the parchment.

Like so many other pictures one's fancy paints this scene has been shattered by the verdict of the historians who declare that there was no pen, guided by trembling, unwilling fingers, and that the King never signed his name to the great document that forms the basis of the British Constitution, but merely affixed his Royal seal, in brown or yellow wax. Nor, as I always imagined, has the original parchment, which was spread out at Runnymede, been preserved intact and sacred, but rather are there several documents, the survivals of those many duplicates which were sent out, with the great seal appended, and deposited in every county or diocese in England.

AN HISTORIC SEAL ON A THOMAS À BECKET DOCUMENT: The writing, which is shown here upside down, is in the same fine Norman hand as that found in Magna Carta, which was drawn up some sixty years later

DESCRIBED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM AS THE ORIGINAL ARTICLES SUBMITTED BY THE BARONS AND ACCEPTED BY THE KING AS THE BASIS OF MAGNA CARTA: This document was at one time in the possession of Gilbert Burnet, a Bishop of Salisbury, and was presented to the British Museum in 1769 by Philip, second Earl Stanhope. The great seal at the bottom shows the King on horseback

It has always been supposed that Magna Carta was signed on June 15, 1215, as the seals are inscribed with that date, but in his book, *Magna Carta. A Commentary* (first published 1905, and reissued 1914), Mr. William Sharp McKechnie declares his belief that "On Monday the 15th the substance of the Barons' demands was provisionally accepted, and that the Articles were then sealed, while on Friday (19th) this

arrangement was confirmed, and Magna Carta itself and several duplicates were sealed."

During the five days the conference at Runnymede lasted, King John made Windsor his headquarters, and came over every day to discuss the proposals put forward by the Barons. Outwardly he was calm and acquiescent, even, it is said, chatted with animation to those around him, but in private he gave way to paroxysms of rage and, according to the old chronicles, "Gnashed his teeth, rolled his eyes, caught up sticks and straws. and gnawed them like a madman, or tore them into shreds with his fingers."

The Forty-nine Articles of the Barons, which form the basis of the great charter, were added to and increased, but the division of Magna Carta into its sixty-three chapters was actually made later. "The whole of it," John Reeves says in his *History of the Law* (1783), "is strung together in a disorderly manner, with very little regard to the subject matter."

Some of the chapters are indeed amazingly short and bald, while others are full of the music of measured sentences. "In the first place," runs the opening chapter, "we have granted to God, and by this, our present Charter, confirmed for us and our heirs for ever, that the English Church shall be free and shall have her rights entire and her liberty inviolate, and we will that it be thus observed, which is apparent from this, that the freedom of elections, which is reckoned most important and very essential to the English Church, we of our pure and unconstrained will, did grant, and did, by our Charter confirm, and did obtain this ratification of the same by our Lord Pope Innocent III before the quarrel arose between us and our Barons, and this we will observe, and our will is that it be observed in good faith by our heirs for ever. We have also granted to all freemen of our Kingdom, for us and for our heirs for ever, all the unwritten liberties, to be had and held by them and their heirs, of us and our heirs, for ever."

The next chapters make provisions that the King should no longer be able to abuse his privilege of acting as guardian to minors. Further chapters deal with safeguarding the citizens from the exactions of the Jews, with tenants and landlords, with debts and inquests. Chapter Twelve declares "No scutage or aid shall be imposed on our Kingdom, except for ransoming our person, for making our eldest son a Knight, and for once marrying our eldest daughter, and for these there shall not be levied more than a reasonable aid. In like manner it shall be done concerning aid for the city of London." Chapter Thirtee.. goes on, "And the city of London shall have its ancient liberties and free customs, as well by land as by water, furthermore, we decree and grant that all other cities, boroughs, towns and ports shall have all their liberties and free customs."

"JOHN GIVES ASSENT TO MAGNA CARTA": The fresco by the late Charles Sims, R.A., in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster. Note the look of desperation on the King's face and the pressing attitude of the Barons

Chapter Thirty-nine is one of the most important and is said to have originated the form of English justice, and trial by jury. "No freeman," it states, "shall be taken or (and) imprisoned or disused or in any way destroyed, nor will we go upon him, nor send upon him, except by the lawful judgment of his peers, or (and) by the laws of the land."

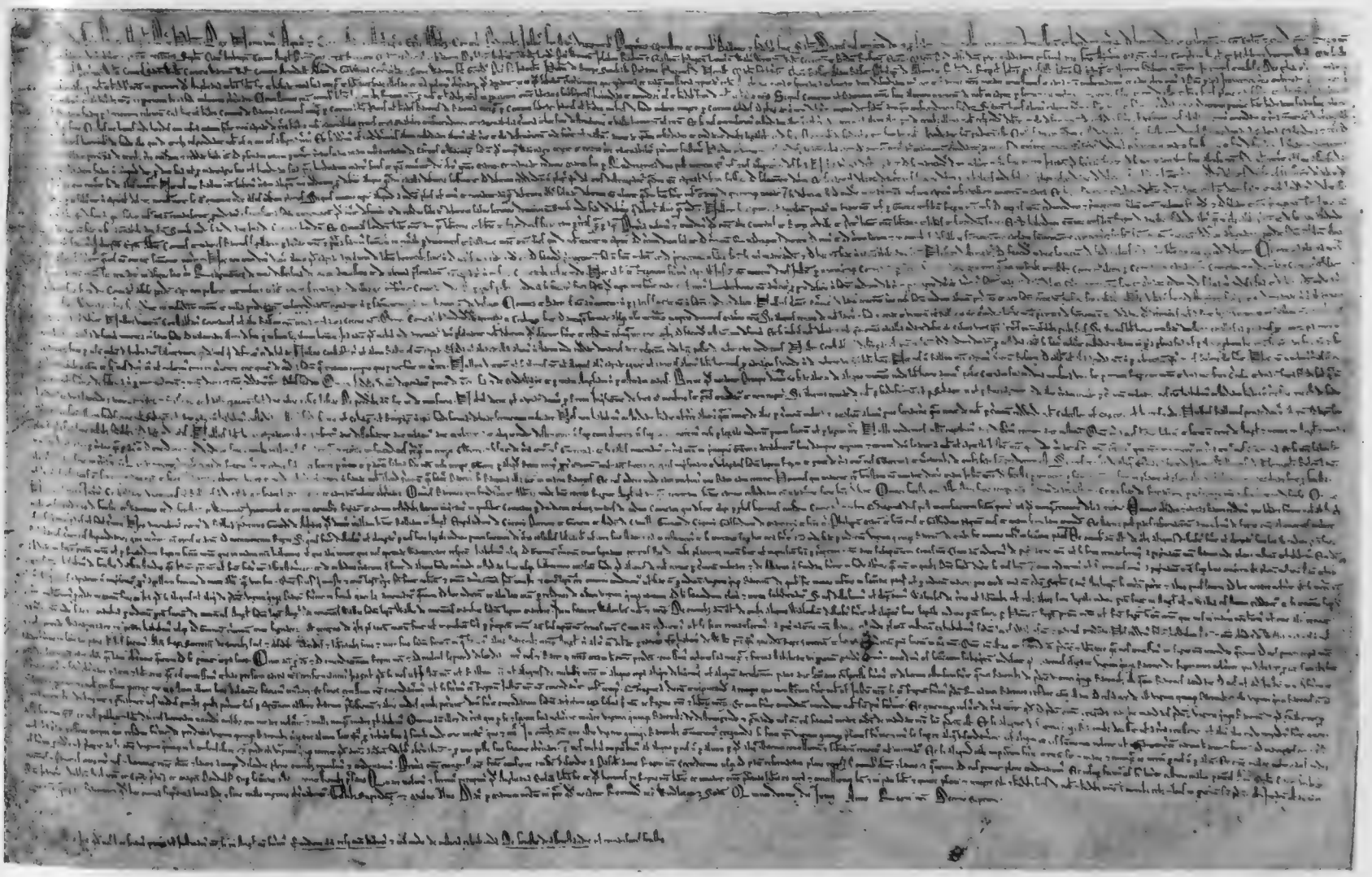
Chapter Forty is short and concise, "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay right or justice."

Perhaps Chapter Fifty was the one that caused the King the most bitter heartburning, for in it he was forced to banish some of the Royal minions so hated by the barons. "We will entirely remove from their bailiwicks the relations of Gerard of Athée (so that in future they shall have no bailiwick in England) namely Engelard of Cicogni, Peter, Guy, and Andrew of Chanceaux, Guy of Cicogni, Geoffrey of Martigni with his brother Philip, Mark with his brothers and his nephew Geoffrey and the whole brood of the same."

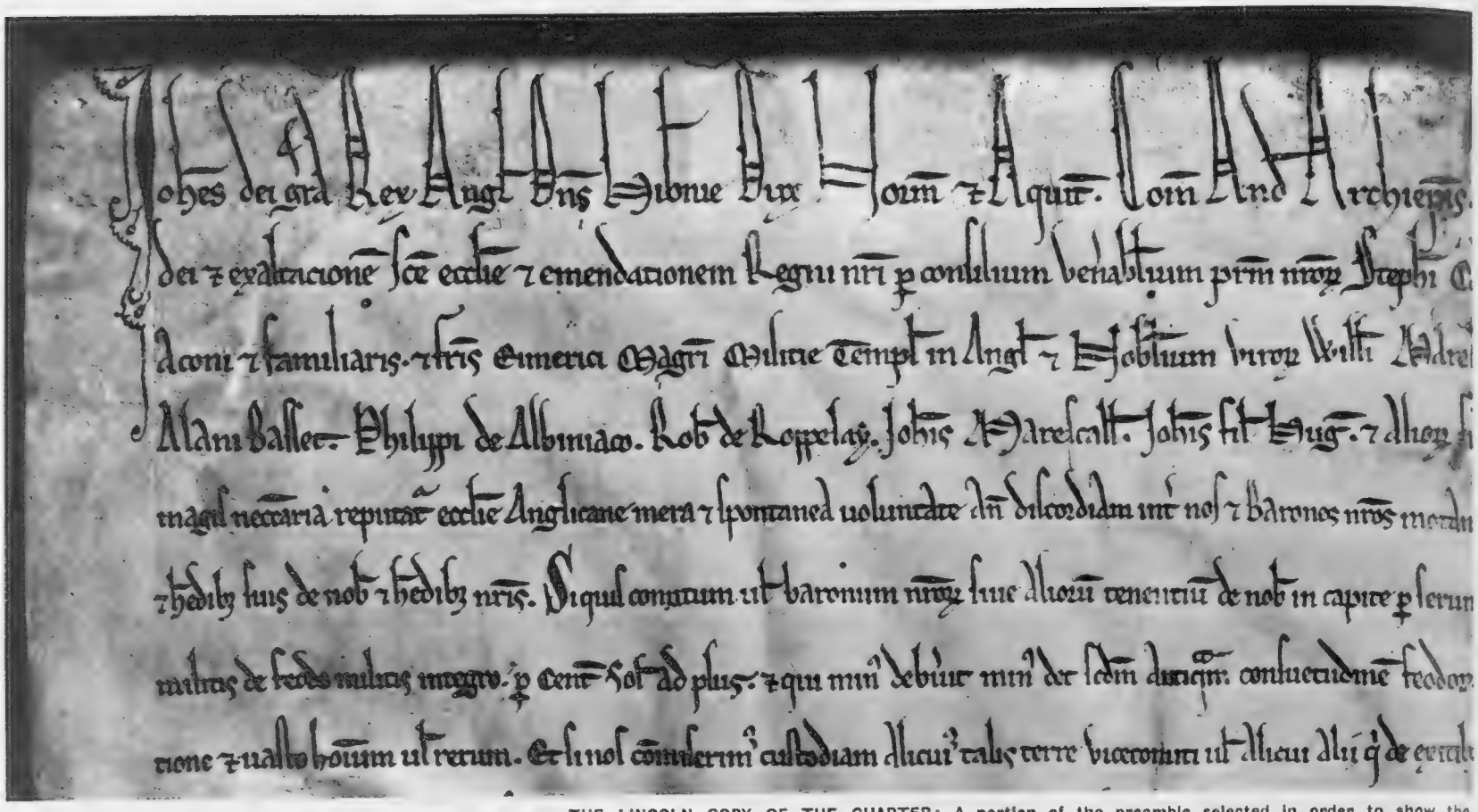
Chapter Sixty promises that "Moreover all these aforesaid customs and liberties, the observance of which we have granted in our kingdom as far as it pertains to us towards our men, shall be observed by all of our kingdom as well as clergy and laymen as far as pertains to them towards their men."

Only four sealed copies of the Magna Carta are said to be in existence to-day. The British Museum has two copies: the one named "The British Magna Carta.

(*Continued on p. 348*)

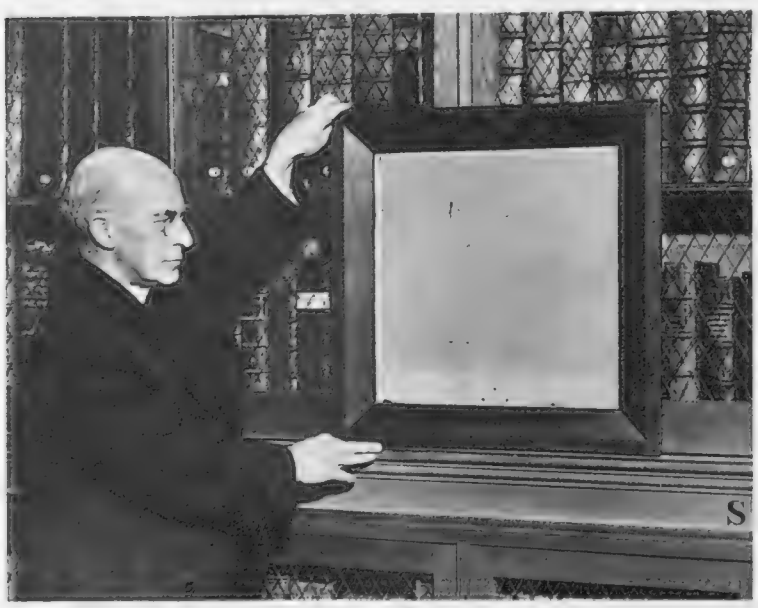


IN THE COTTONIAN LIBRARY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: This was one of the many copies of Magna Carta made after the meeting of King John and the Barons at Runnymede, and sent out to every diocese in England. In the seventeenth century it came into the possession of Mr. Humphrey Wyems of the Inner Temple, who presented it to Sir Robert Cotton on January 1, 1628. It is in very fair condition



THE LINCOLN COPY OF THE CHARTER: A portion of the preamble selected in order to show the style of handwriting and the clear condition of the letters. The first words are "Johannes dei Gratia Rex Anglicorum . . ." In this case the first word is contracted to Johes. In another copy it is spelt out in full

THE LINCOLN COPY as it habitually rests in the Cathedral Chapter Library. It is framed under glass and is in good general condition



THE SQUARE FORM OF THE LINCOLN COPY is evident in this picture which shows the Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, holding the Charter up for inspection. It is slightly torn in one place and blurred in another

# WHERE IS MAGNA CARTA?—(Cont.)

## The Example of the Charter Preserved in Lincoln Cathedral Library

Number One," which formerly was cited as "The Cotton Charter, XIII. 31.A." This was discovered by Sir Edward Dering among the archives of Dover Castle in the seventeenth century, and was presented by him to Sir Robert Cotton. It was unfortunately partially destroyed by fire and is almost illegible, the yellow wax of the great seal being reduced to a shapeless fragment. Certain omissions which are supplied at the foot give rise to the theory that these notes were additions to the script, made at the suggestion of the King, and that therefore this manuscript must be the original Charter drawn up at Runnymede.

The other copy at the British Museum is cited as the "Cotton August 11,106," and came into the possession of Mr. Humphrey Wyems of the Inner Temple, and was presented by him to Sir Robert Cotton on January 1, 1628.

The version of the Magna Carta, which is at Lincoln, is said by some to be older than the one at the British Museum. It has no corrections and is executed in a more florid style.

There is still another manuscript in existence which is hardly ever mentioned and of whose existence very few people seem to know, and that is the document in the House of Lords. This manuscript bears the seal of King John and with the thumb seals attached of a number of Barons. It is in a very good state of preservation, except for one part in the middle which is rather hard to decipher. It is kept in a glass case and arrangements can be made to see it on application to the Librarian.

KING JOHN'S CUP: A beautiful vessel with antique figures in panels, the property of the King's Lynn Corporation. It was from King's Lynn that John's baggage train started on its attempt to cross the Wash which ended in disaster and the loss of all his wealth

# LONDON IN THE SEASON

EYES RIGHT: The Duke of York taking the salute when, in his capacity as Colonel of the Scots Guards, he inspected the 1st Battalion of the Regiment at Wellington Barracks and presented some of the men with long-service medals

GUESTS ARRIVING AT SIR ABE BAILEY'S HOUSE for the reception following the marriage of his daughter

IN SMILING MOOD: The Duke of York on the parade ground at Wellington Barracks during his inspection of the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards

A NOTABLE WEDDING: Mr. Christopher Ford, son of the late Dr. Lionel Ford, and Miss Prudence Lane-Fox, one of the bridesmaids, leaving for the reception at 38, Bryanston Square, following the marriage of Mr. Robin Grant Lawson and Miss Mary Bailey, daughter of Sir Abe Bailey

A GREAT DRAMATIC ACTOR: M. Albert-Lambert (left), doyen of the Comédie-Française Company which is now playing in London, on the roof of the Savoy Hotel with Mlle Vera Korene. On Wednesday of last week the company opened their season at the Cambridge Theatre with Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, the play in which M. Albert-Lambert scored his first great success fifty years ago. He is seventy years old

# IN ABYSSINIA'S PLATINUM FIELDS

UPPER JUBDO: Washers at work on the platinum Concession, which is situated about 400 miles from Adis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital

IN SEARCH OF WEALTH: The native workers with their wooden washing-bowls. These are filled with earth which is sifted and washed until only the platinum remains

INSPECTION: After the day's work the natives are searched to see if they have stolen any of the metal. *Above on right*—Mr. Zappa, the director of the Upper Jubdo platinum concession

EXAMINING THE DAY'S YIELD: Every native worker is credited with a percentage of the metal he brings in, and at the end of the week is paid the cash equivalent

WATCHED OVER BY NATIVE INSPECTORS: Another view of the washers at work

## *A Metal Worth More than Gold*

THE EXISTENCE of platinum in Abyssinia was first discovered in 1926, and the metal is now being produced there in commercial quantities by a French company. The yield is about 2,500 oz. a year, which is very small compared with the 55,000 oz. produced by Colombia, and compared with the total world output of 240,000 oz.

The industry in Abyssinia is making favourable progress, however, and the country is deriving considerable benefit from it.

The series of pictures shown on this page give an excellent idea of the work of the platinum washer. He squats beside a pond, his bare legs in the water, and before him floats a big wooden bowl filled with chocolate-brown earth. First of all he removes all the small stones and throws them to one side. He then dips the bowl into the pond, allowing the water to flow in gradually and mix with the earth. After repeated siftings, a very few little grey-white platinum grains gleam at the bottom of the bowl. Over 1,000 natives are employed in this work which demands great care and patience.

The washers, who are paid on results, are strictly controlled, and know full well the dire penalties awaiting them if they are found stealing the platinum.

* * *

Platinum was first discovered in the alluvial gold deposits of Choco and Barbacoas, in Colombia, where it was given the name *platina* from its similarity to *plata*, silver. It has since been found in the Ural Mountains, in Borneo, the Rhine sands, St. Domingo, Tasmania, New South Wales, North Carolina, U.S.A., Burma, Japan, Spain, Canada, Brazil, and Abyssinia. The metal is mostly found associated or combined with minute proportions of palladium, rhodium, iridium, and osmium. Before the Great War the chief sources of production were the alluvial deposits in the Urals, where for years it has been obtained by dredging.

* * *

Platinum black is an extremely finely divided form of the metal and has a remarkable power of occluding hydrogen and oxygen. The metal is used in the manufacture of strong sulphuric acid; in the construction of electric lamp bulbs; in the preparation of standard weights and measures, crucibles, pyrometers, and other implements for chemical laboratories; in dentistry for the preparation of plates and anchors; in photography, as potassium chloroplatinite, in the platinotype process. Finally, it has a well-known use as a mounting for jewellery, for which purpose it is alloyed with 25 per cent. of iridium in order to increase its strength and hardness.

* * *

The price of platinum is subject to sharp fluctuations. From £1 per hg. about 1885, it rose to £8 in 1913, and to £30 in 1920. Afterwards the price dropped to £13 in 1929 and to £7 in 1930. The official quotation at the moment is £7 15s. per oz., but orders can be placed at well under this figure.

# MATTERS EUROPEAN

## Latvia's Leaders and Other Personalities in the Limelight

LATVIA'S STRONG MAN: M. Karlis Ulmanis who, as a result of the failure of the Diet to fulfil its legislative duties, has recently put himself at the head of a new and powerful Government. His action has met with wide support, particularly from those who were dissatisfied with the old political parties and who were afraid of armed action by the Socialists. M. Ulmanis has been Prime Minister of Latvia eight times, and played a conspicuous part in the struggle for Latvian independence in 1919

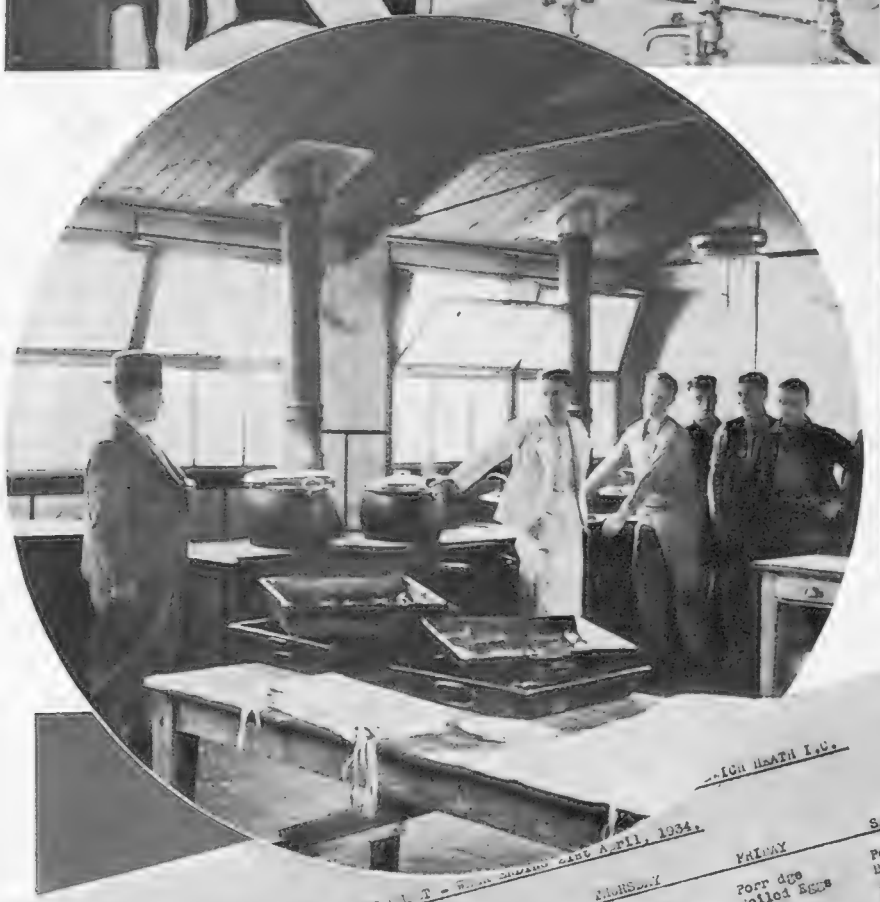
THE LIBERATOR: General Balodis, who is Minister of War in the new Latvian Cabinet. He was the victorious commander of the National forces during the fight for independence and the expulsion of the Bolshevists

GENERAL BERIÇIS: Another distinguished soldier prominently identified with the recent *coup d'état* in Latvia

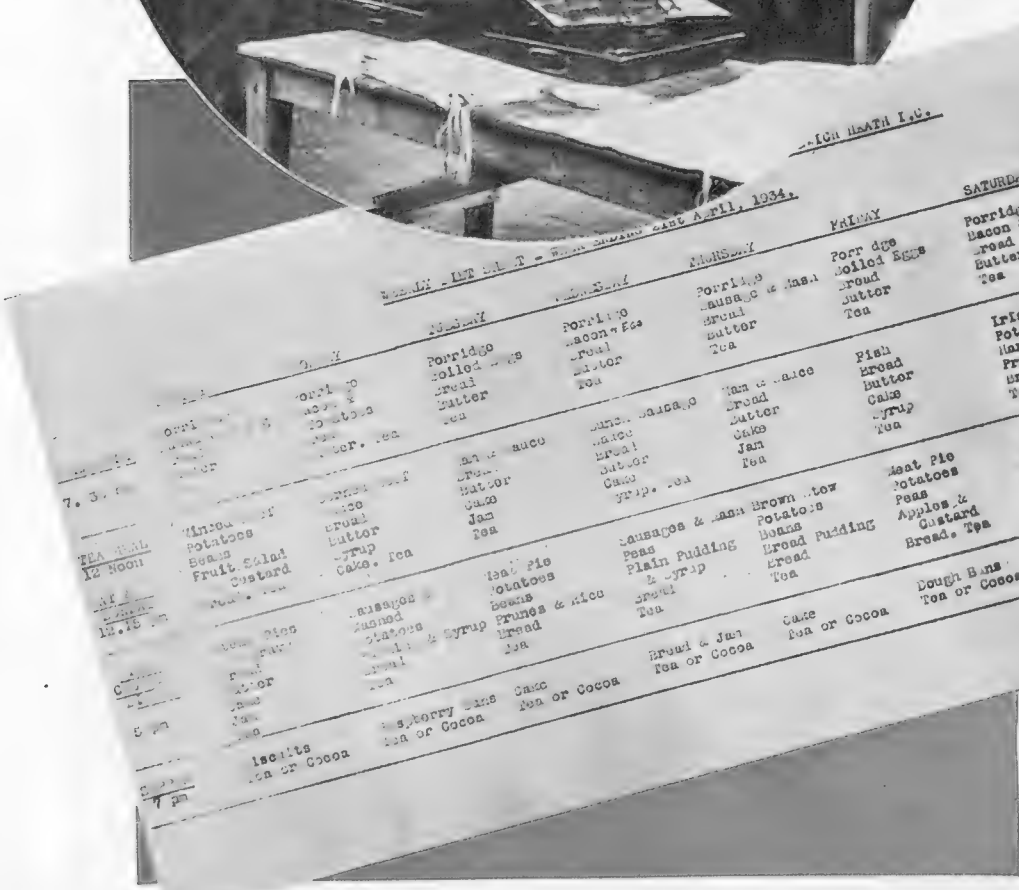
AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE: Two members of the Belgian delegation which visited the French President to announce officially to him the accession of Leopold III to the throne of Belgium

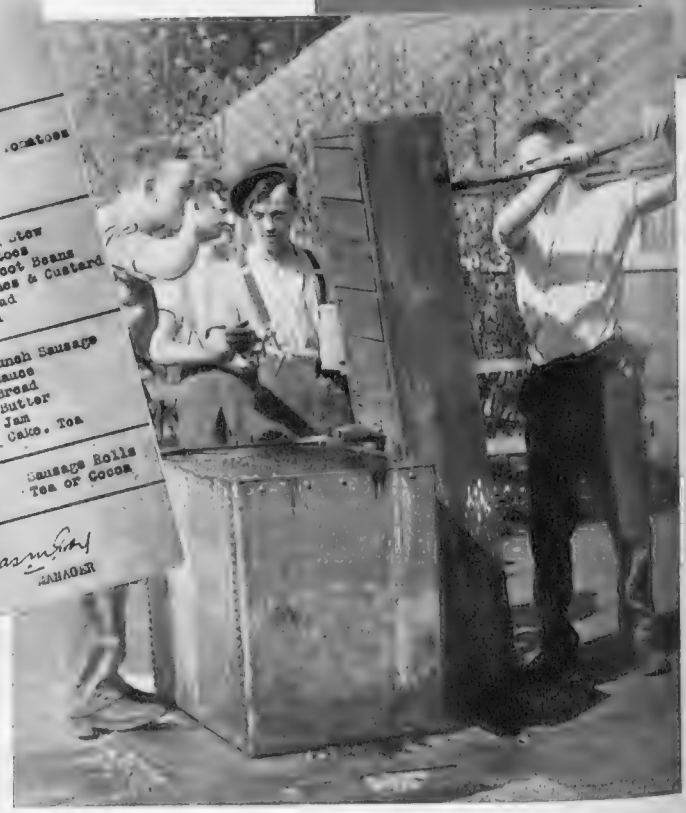
KING BORIS OF BULGARIA, who is seen here with his wife, Queen Giovanna, is reported to be in sympathy with the new Bulgarian Government, headed by Colonel Kimon Gheorghieff. It is difficult to ascertain the exact state of affairs in the country, but it appears that all the political parties are to be dissolved. An attempt is also to be made to quell the Macedonian Revolutionary organization under Mihalloff which has for some time ruled in fact, if not in name, over the province of Petritch

BRAWN: Hans Schwarz (left), who beat Garkawienko, the world wrestling champion, in a contest for the German Gold Belt in Berlin. They were over two-and-a-half hours in the ring



BODILY TRAINING: Gymnastics in the common room at Cranwich Heath





*Top*—6.30: Morning ablutions before the start of the day's work. *Centre*—The efficiently run kitchen. *Bottom*—A typical weekly diet sheet at Cranwich Heath showing the extent and variety of the meals. In spite of the hard work, the men nvariably gain several pounds in weight during their stay at the training centre

A REFRESHING INTERLUDE: Taking a drink from the pump during an interval in the day's work. The men begin duty at 8 o'clock in the morning and are free to do as they like from 5 p.m. onwards. Their total working time each week amounts to about forty-four hours

# A TRAINING CENTRE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

## How the Government is Helping to Rehabilitate and Sustain the Morale of the Workless

*Top* — CRANWICH HEATH: A general view of the training centre. *Above*—CONSTRUCTING A LIGHT RAILWAY to assist in excavation work

A HOME FROM HOME: A group in front of one of the red corrugated iron sleeping-huts

SUNDAY MORNING: A stroll in the park

There is no more unfortunate feature of long-continued unemployment than the effect which it has on the morale of the men. Ceaseless and unsuccessful job-hunting must eventually make even the strongest despair, though they know that Britain is rapidly emerging from the slump.

The Government is, fortunately, aware of these things, and the Ministry of Labour has established a series of country training centres where the unemployed can, for a time, forget their worries in hard work, and regain their strength with healthful exercise and nourishing food.

At the present moment there are about twelve of these centres, each possessing accommodation for about 200 to 250 people. Here the men, who are mostly drawn from the industrial areas of South Wales, the Midlands, and the North, can undergo a twelve weeks' course of training.

They forfeit the dole during this period, but receive free board and lodging and 3s. a week in addition for tobacco and other necessities. If they do not wish to remain for the twelve weeks they are quite at liberty to return home. This, however, seldom occurs as they thoroughly enjoy their stay in the country and the temporary respite from worry.

Life at the training centres begins at 6.30 a.m. and, following a very good breakfast, the men go out to work at 8 o'clock. Newcomers get light duty during the first few days and are employed in planting, weeding, watering, and in tending the pigs and sheep on the farm. As a rule this class of work is quite new to them, and their enthusiasm is tremendous. Those who have been at the training centre some time are engaged in land-drainage schemes, etc. At 5 p.m. they finish for the day, and are free to indulge in games and other pastimes. In the common room there is a radio and plenty of newspapers and books, while few summer evenings pass without a cricket match being arranged. Needless to say, cricket to them is not the sedate affair we are accustomed to watch on the county grounds.

Provided the men behave well (and the vast majority do) life is extremely pleasant at these training centres. As the days go by they gradually regain their confidence, and when the twelve weeks are up return to their homes mentally and physically equipped to carry on the fight for work.

A DORMITORY: An interior view of one of the huts showing the spacious accommodation. There are twenty-four men in each dormitory

*(All the pictures shown here were taken at the Cranwich Heath centre, near Brandon, Suffolk)*

# TAXI!

## London's Cab Drivers—Their Earnings, Slang, Qualifications, and Sense of Humour

By CHARLES GRAVES

EVER SINCE my early bachelor days when I used to have eggs and bacon at the "Junior Turf" in Piccadilly before the late Mrs. Benjamin Guinness started breakfasts at private dances, I have always been interested in taxicab drivers.

Jake, Diamond, Scottie, Old Putters (though I have not seen the latter for some little time) were all good friends of mine; but it has not been until this week that I have really learned about the taxicab industry. I knew, it is true, most of the regulation jokes and questions—the longest street without lamp-posts (Sackville Street, where the light is provided from lamps attached to the walls of the houses); the longest thoroughfare in London (the Old Kent Road); the building where there is one public house on top of another (if I remember rightly, in Waterloo Road); the taxicab driver's name for his cab (a cage or a barrow). But as to the method of payment, and how it worked out, this had always been a closed chapter to me.

Again, it is true that two or three years ago I found myself being driven by a fellow who was at Charterhouse with me, and who confided that he made an average of £7 a week; whereas on another occasion a former travel agency courier told me that taxicab driving was exactly like the Casino at Monte Carlo—sometimes you would have a marvellous run of luck and get a hatful of money, but on other occasions you would be right down the drain and nothing came your way at all.

Yesterday, however, I discovered all about it. There are 8,000 taxicabs in London and 11,000 drivers. This means that since as many taxis as possible work double shifts, taxicab drivers are in the fortunate position of always being 1,000 fewer than the minimum number required. The largest company is the London General Cab Company, which owns 600 Austins and Citroëns. The Coupet Company has between 200 and 300 Beardmores. The Yellow Cab Company has 150 or more vehicles in the London streets. The Cape Cab Company, which operates those circular-body cabs with sliding doors and has a Rothschild among its directors, controls 130. There is also the W. and G. controlling 200 or so. On top of that there are some hundreds of small taxicab firms, one of them run by a Russian colonel, which own anything from half a dozen to eighty cabs. Finally, there are between 3,000 and 3,500 owner-drivers.

THE NORMAL METHOD of payment for drivers who are employed by companies is based on a commission arrangement. They receive from 33⅓ per cent. up to 40 per cent. of the amount of money registered on the taxi meter, together with tips, payment for extra passengers, and baggage stacked on the outside of the cab.

Some drivers, however, prefer to pay an agreed fixed sum for the day or night use of a taxicab. This varies from 8s. 6d. to 10s. a day of ten hours, with a range of sixty miles, and a penalty of 2d. a mile in excess of this. Similarly, the men who prefer to drive at night pay an average of 7s. 6d. for the use of the cab for eight or nine hours, with a range of forty-five miles and the sum of 2d. a mile excess charge. There is also, in point of fact, an infinitesimally small number of drivers who pay 1s. an hour for fifteen hours a day for a cab. The least a taxicab driver should earn is £3 a week even if he is not an owner-driver, but he ought to average more than that despite the increase of small private cars on the streets.

Every profession and variety of trade and business is represented among the taxicab drivers. There are ex-schoolmasters, ex-majors and captains, ex-prizefighters (a high percentage of these), ex-butchers, and so on. There was even a genuine Russian prince. The majority of them, however, are Cockneys, as is evident from their *argot*. Take the slang phrase "sausage," meaning a 1d. It is an admirable example of London rhyming slang. Its origin is a stiver. In rhyming slang the equivalent of this is coal-heaver, which in turn is abbreviated to coal. The rhyming slang for coal is sausage roll; hence the word, again abbreviated, "sausage." A 6d. to a taxicab driver is either a "sprarzy," the origin of which I do not attempt to decipher, or a Susie, which is short for Susianna, which is rhyming slang for tanner. A florin is called a two-og. A 1s. is a dinar or a dinari, which evidently goes straight back to the Romans. Five shillings is an Oxford scholar; rhyming slang, of course, for dollar. A few taxicab drivers still call 2s. 6d. a half-a-tosh.

OH, YES, taxicab drivers when they get together speak a language which needs a deal of interpreting. The Athenæum Club, for example, is invariably known as the "Spit and Cough." King's Cross Station is known as "The Northern." Paddington is called "The Western." Euston, for some reason, is known as "The Euston." Passengers, by the way, are always known as "jobs," and if you ask a man whether he has "been off," you are asking if he has had a fare.

One reason why taxicab driving as a career is one of the very few in the country where the demand exceeds the supply is the excessively stiff examination it is necessary to pass before you can wear the green badge of the hackney carriage driver. This is divided into two parts. The geographical conundrums set include, for example, the shortest route from Highgate Hill to Poplar Station, naming all the roads and streets you pass en route; the most direct way of getting from the Inland China Mission to Shad Thames; and the exact whereabouts of every fire station, consulate, museum, club, and hospital in Greater London.

The second half of the examination consists of a driving test so severe that the vast majority of private chauffeurs, experienced lorry drivers, and others would fail miserably. Take the hill stop. Savoy Hill is one of the tests. The taxicab driver is requested to stop halfway up and then to start again without running back a single inch. There is the reversed test in which the movement when backing must be continuous throughout. There is the "one in three." This involves reversing the cab in only three movements inside an 18-ft. wide road without allowing your mudguard to overlap the kerb an eighth of an inch either in the first, second, or third position. The police are extremely punctilious also about hand signals, about changing down invariably when turning a corner, driving a meticulously exact distance from the kerb when "setting down," and invariably leaving the hand-brake on when the vehicle is stationary.

Uncorrelated items which I gathered include the preference of certain drivers for certain ranks. (Those in St. James's Street are specially favoured by certain drivers; so is that in Northumberland Avenue where there is always a hope that a visitor is going sight-seeing.) The one outside the R.A.C. in Pall Mall is popular because "jobs" are always going, though usually they are short ones. Another point is that taxicab drivers frequently find objects of value in their cabs, though not often enough to be able to budget for them in their income. On the other hand, this kind of treasure trove is a great nuisance very often. By law they are compelled to hand them in to the nearest police station. Very often they are kept waiting a considerable time while handing over an umbrella, the discovery value of which is negligible. It is curious how often, though, they find coins and even jewellery that have slipped down the window-slot. More than once big diamonds have been found.

I ALSO LEARNED that there is still a good deal of bilking both in the West End and in the City outside buildings which have two exits and entrances. As to the taxicab drivers' opinion of the police—the consensus of opinion is that they are frequently harsh and officious. There is, for example, a certain police constable who has been both in C Division and E Division who has succeeded in securing over 1,000 convictions against taxicab drivers, mostly for minor offences like loitering. His nick-name is Doughie (because he is rather pasty-faced), or Liver Salts.

Yet even in the face of a certain amount of mild persecution a taxicab driver never loses his sense of humour. Here is a case in point. A certain driver, who told me the story, was on the rank outside White's Club in St. James's Street on an August Sunday. A member came out of the club and told him to go to Kensal Green. There was not much traffic on the road. He went at a smart pace. His fare on arrival went to the Mausoleum, stayed there two minutes, returned and told the driver to take him back to White's. He did so, and was given a sovereign for the job. Noticing that the cab which had been behind him when he left the rank was still there, the driver told his mate of his "in and out" job (a there and back trip), concluding, "It seems a shame to take the money." "Blimey," was the instantaneous reply, "I bet the bloke your bloke went to see would pay more than that to come back with you."

*Right*—THE CRUCIAL MOMENT: Will the tip be a "tickey," a "tanner" or a "bob"?

# A THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD VIKING BOAT

*Recently Unearthed and Reconditioned at Danzig*

DEFYING THE RAVAGES OF TIME: Workmen engaged in digging a ditch at Oliva, near Danzig, found these remains of a Viking boat only 5 ft. beneath the ground. As can be seen, a large part of the hull still remains, and the oak planks are in excellent preservation considering the number of years they have lain buried. Parts of the gunwales with the original rowlocks have survived, while much of the moss with which the seams were packed to make them water-tight is in its place. The boat has now been reconditioned, and with its delicate lines and striking prow constitutes a very fine example of the art of the shipbuilder. It is not possible to determine the exact age of this craft, but it seems certain that it belongs to the Viking period which lasted from about A.D. 789 to 912

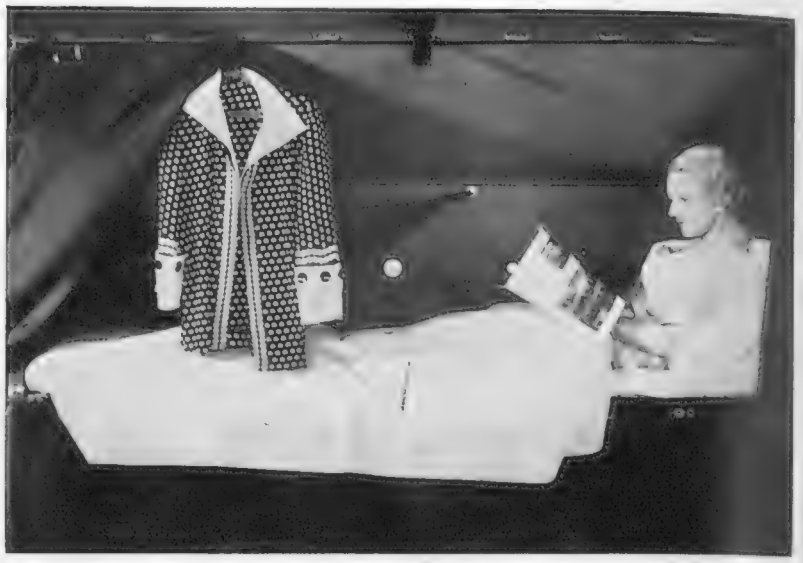
*Above and below*—GRACE AND SYMMETRY: Two views of the Viking boat after it had been reconditioned. It is 30 ft. long, and has accommodation for eighteen oarsmen

*Right*—VENICE OF THE EAST: A Burmese gondola doing taxi service over the gleaming waters of Rangoon harbour

# SLEEPING ALOFT

## *A New Development in Aerial Transport*

EUROPE'S FIRST AERIAL SLEEPING CAR: A full-scale model of the equipment which is being provided on a new Holland-Dutch East Indies air liner now under construction



EASE IN THE AIR: A bed on an American transcontinental air liner. Passengers can now fly from New York to San Francisco in one-fifth the time taken by the train

*Left*—THE BEST OF EVERYTHING: The kitchen on a Dutch air liner

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS at the Hague a new chapter in transport has just been opened—for in the workshops of a famous firm of designers there has been completed a successful full-scale model of the first bunk-fitted passenger cabin for an air liner ever to be made for Europe.

"Steamers forge ahead by night and day . . .," said a notable air line manager to me when I went to see the new aerial sleeper, and he said it uneasily, for a passenger air line must not press its speed to the discomfort of its passengers, and passengers are the raw material of part, at least, of the success of regular air lines.

But speed is the essence of the contract, both for freight and passengers and, while the air lines wrestle with ground organization for their pampered passengers, cabin comfort, and problems of pay-load and weight, there are (they see them out of the corner of their mind's eye!) those steamers, steaming twenty-four hours a day, steaming with their tremendous capacity and no need of daily landings . . .

So, while the technical experts of the Dutch air lines battle (as our own are also doing) with highly technical problems of night flying, fog flying, the "interior decorators" of the air line are wrestling with this business of making up beds for passengers. They have got Anthony Fokker to deal with, the streamline genius, among other things, and the designer who regrets it is not possible to "see the spray" of the air as you do in the water, and so, further to eliminate the excrescences of your polished hull . . . and gain speed!

This is the man whom the interior designers must satisfy, and to do it they have created dozens of small working models of innumerable convertible bunks—chromium-strutted, cross-braced, folding and ingenious, but never absolutely fool-proof and satisfactory as is the last model which you see here, illustrated for the first time.

Meanwhile, if Europe is only starting to go to bed in the air, American airways have achieved their aerial sleeping cars and, if we may believe the enthusiastic accounts of travellers, their night-flying organization.

Necessity—vast distances—has mothered their invention! New York to San Francisco is a long journey by surface travel; over four-fifths of the time is saved by air, and so many people want to save four-fifths that seats have to be booked days in advance, even though a number of 'planes are pressed into service. Three-mile-a-minute liners travel along perfectly organized routes in 400-mile hops. One thing to notice (with admiration and possibly with wonder) is that the Americans have "air hostesses" of the college graduate type to look after passengers, to

*(Continued on p. 372)*

*Below*—LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATION on the Pan-American airways system

SEATS BY DAY, BEDS BY NIGHT: In a few seconds the table can be removed and the seats folded to make two comfortable beds. *(See picture in top left-hand corner of this page)*

# THE DERBY

## Six Fancied Candidates for Next Week's Epsom Classic

WINDSOR LAD: Winner of the Chester Vase and the valuable Newmarket Stakes. A fine stayer with an excellent chance of being in the first three

LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S EASTON: This colt was a good second to Colombo in the Two Thousand Guineas

COLOMBO: Lord Glanely's unbeaten champion, who has won nine races off the reel, including the first classic and the Craven Stakes. His few detractors say that he is another Orwell, lacks stamina, and is temperamentally unsuited to race before a vast Epsom crowd. His sire was Manna —the Derby winner of 1925

*Right*—THE CHAMPION
A fine study of Colombo. With his machine-like action and devastating stride he greatly resembles Phar Lap, the Australian wonder horse of a few years ago. If he wins at Epsom it will be a black day for the bookmaking profession

MR. J. A. DEWAR'S LO ZINGARO: Gordon Richards, who has never yet won the Derby, may ride this well-fancied colt. As F. Darling is the trainer, he will not fail on the score of fitness

MEDIEVAL KNIGHT: Last year this horse put up a series of magnificent performances, and until the beginning of the 1934 season was greatly fancied for the Derby. This year, however, he failed in the Greenham Plate, and was only eighth in the Two Thousand Guineas. On this form he has no chance, but last Saturday he came right into the limelight again and redeemed his reputation by winning the Derby Trial Stakes (1½ miles) by a short head from Tiberius

TIBERIUS: Winner of the Payne Stakes and Hastings Stakes, he has already proved himself a genuine stayer. G. Nicoll—a jockey who is doing particularly well at the moment—will probably ride him at Epsom

AN OUT-DOOR PLAY IN AN OUT-DOOR SETTING: The wrestling scene in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, which was presented last week at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. Rosalind (Anna Neagle) and Celia (Margaretta Scott) are seated on the left

# PLAYS and OPERA

## "As You Like It," Ideal Alfresco Entertainment: Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas"—Brilliant Acting in a Pompous and Conventional Play: The Vitality, Subtlety, Sympathy, and Musical Insight of Sir Thomas Beecham

By PHILIP PAGE

"THEN LOVE ME, ROSALIND": Orlando (Jack Hawkins) and Rosalind (Anna Neagle) in *As You Like It*. This was Miss Neagle's first appearance in Shakespeare

BERNARD SHAW once called *As You Like It* a "Bedford Park sort of play." It is certainly a Regent's Park sort of play, and something of a mascot, for the first performance was graced with fine weather, which deigned to continue.

The Open Air Theatre is a mighty pretty place, and much more comfortable than it was last year, with the seating and the loud speakers better arranged. The acoustics behaved well, and if the entertainment was on the long side—for there were three hours of Shakespeare with twenty minutes of Mr. Sydney Carroll tacked on—there was little of it that was not acceptable.

*As You Like It* calls for open air and real trees, and is the ideal *alfresco* play. Mr. Robert Atkins has produced it on broad lines, with plenty to appeal to the eye. Traditional "business" is not over-elaborated, though the apple-munching habit remains; I would that some genial autocrat could put fruiterers' shops out of bounds for all Shakespearean actors and producers. The grouping is good; the "exits and entrances" tactfully arranged; the music is of the right quality and not too obtrusive; the ballets are charming. Here is a production which, come sunshine come rain (there is a covered theatre in reserve), must certainly be seen.

We were informed that the Rosalind, Miss Anna Neagle of film-fame, had "come to the rescue." The prompter had to come to her rescue, which was as fair as fair could be, as fair, even, as Miss Neagle, who has the distinction of being, surely, the blondest Rosalind on record. She is very pretty, if suggestive of an Arden over which another Elizabeth ruled.

While every allowance should be made for a début in Shakespeare, and in one of his biggest parts, it is difficult to forgive Miss Neagle, not for occasionally forgetting her words, but for the way she met that *contretemps*. I trust the report in a daily paper the following morning that during such a moment of crisis she "shook her blonde curls and said, laughingly, 'it doesn't matter'" was not true; I was in the front row of the "stalls" and certainly did not hear it.

But Miss Neagle has surely been on the stage long enough, both as Miss Neagle and as Miss

NINI THEILADE, whose dancing in *As You Like It* attracted general attention. She was partnered by Anton Dolin

Marjorie Robertson, a Cochran Young Lady, to know what to do when one "dries up," which is not to turn to the audience with a hapless, smiling gesture. No amount of prettiness can atone for that. For the rest, Miss Neagle may do well in Shakespeare one day, and I shall be among the first to congratulate her when she does. Why it should have been necessary to hand to her the rescue-work when there was already in the company Miss Margaretta Scott, I cannot imagine. Miss Scott's Celia was delicious; she has had Shakespearean experience in plenty and could hardly fail to be the Rosalind of our dreams.

But the films are answerable for much, and it was a film star who opened officially this admirable production and who introduced us to Sir Nigel Playfair, a pungent and not too melancholy Jacques, to Mr. John Drinkwater, handsome and sombre and bearded as the Duke, to Mr. Henry Hewitt, a brilliant Touchstone, and to Mr. Jack Hawkins's graceful yet wholly man-like and sympathetic Orlando.

**"Ruy Blas."**—More classics—and in the not so pure air of Seven Dials. One "dial" is sufficient to give the normal person a few hours sound sleep, but *Ruy Blas* I found more potent as a soporific at the Cambridge Theatre than seven "dials" would be, or even seventy of them.

It is a pity that the distinguished Comédie Française company chose this hoary piece of fustian to open their short visit. *Ruy Blas* was done in London at the old Adelphi in mid-Victorian days, when Charles Fechter was considered to give a very fine performance. To the modern London playgoer it means nothing, though some of the veterans may remember a burlesque at the Gaiety, *Ruy Blas or the Blasé Roué*. I do not see how it could mean much to playgoers in any generation, though it pleased the Parisians a century ago in the days of the "bourgeois king."

The old Spanish story of a lackey with ambitions, who changes his livery for the clothes of the nobleman, his master, and who makes love to a queen, defends her, and wins her affection, might have been made into a fine poetic drama by a good poet and a good dramatist. Victor Hugo had the knack of turning out sonorous Alexandrines, but I would hardly call him a poet, and as a dramatist he is stiff, pompous, and conventional.

This Frenchman (let us for once be insular and even aggressively patriotic) cuts a very poor figure beside our own Shakespeare, and so do the French classicists of an earlier epoch—Corneille and Racine. Their verbosity would matter less were they able to create a definite character. But in *Ruy Blas*, Ruy, Don This and Don That, the Queen, and the rest of them have no real life at all.

M. Albert-Lambert, the eminent doyen of the Comédie Française, a superb elocutionist, and a very fine actor indeed of the old school, was therefore perfectly justified in playing Ruy in as stylized a manner as possible. He spoke his lines as magnificently as Señor Pablo Casals plays the 'cello and often sounded rather like him. He seemed to take comparatively little notice of the other people on the stage, except when he made his passionate declaration of love to the Queen. At moments, when the purple patches in the rhetoric grew positively puce, he stepped down, faced the footlights, and behaved much as did Mr. Vincent Crummles when he died *at* the London manager.

I am not sneering at our famous visitor, who first played this part fifty years ago; it is the only way of playing it. But what a part! And what a play!

The remainder of the company also gave brilliant examples of the classic style of that fine old theatre that backs on to the Palais Royal. But in the fine new theatre that backs, I believe, on to the wholesale fruit trade they seemed a trifle cramped, for the stage is so much smaller. Yet they continued to be impressive, and Mlle Vera Korene, who played the Queen, really is an exquisitely lovely creature. Mlle Korene would probably make a fortune in Hollywood, where a film-version of *Ruy Blas*, duly vulgarised and with its Alexandrines cut (a surgical operation of no inconsiderable magnitude), might profitably be put in hand.

The comedy interlude, of great length and staggering dullness, was successfully grappled with by M. Raymond Girard, who had to make straw out of some very heavy bricks.

**"Crazy Month."**—After *Ruy Blas*, an hour or so of the sixth "Crazy Month" at the Palladium proved refreshing. Mr. Billy Bennett, who deals in couplets, written, not by Victor Hugo, but by himself, I missed. But when three pairs of comedians of the calibre of Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Naughton and Gold, are on the same programme all is bound to be well. They contrast well with each other.

Naughton and Gold are swift, gnat-like little men, seen at their best at the Lyceum at Christmas-time when gyrating and tumbling round the tall, white-faced, thunder-voiced Mr. George Jackley, who can teach even M. Albert-Lambert a thing or two about elocution. Flanagan and Allen are more weighty in style but get there just the same; they are inclined to overdo the "oy" business. Nervo and Knox, incomparable knockabouts, are the middle-weights of the team. It would be difficult to find six funnier men, severally or collectively. Mr. Eddie Gray concentrates on moustachioed solemnity and on French that is not the French of the Comédie Française, though I would sooner listen to him than to "Monsewer" Victor Hugo.

IN THE CLASSIC MANNER: Mlle Vera Korene as the Queen of Spain and M. Albert-Lambert as the lackey who falls desperately in love with her, in a scene from Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, which the Comédie Française company presented at the Cambridge Theatre last week. Although seventy years of age, M. Albert-Lambert is still a brilliant elocutionist

STARRING IN THE LATEST HAYMARKET SUCCESS: Marie Ney, who gives a brilliant performance in *Touch Wood*, the new play by C. L. Anthony, author of *Autumn Crocus* and *Service*. The cast, which is one of the strongest in London, also includes Flora Robson, Dorothy Hyson, Ian Hunter, and Oriel Ross. Basil Dean, who recently married Victoria Hopper, is the producer

**The Opera.**—Except for a belated performance of *Die Meistersinger*, the German portion of the Covent Garden season is at an end and we have arrived at the less strenuous delights of Puccini and his fellow Italians.

Not all the German operas, however, have been strenuous. *Schwanda* has been assailed in certain quarters for not being what it never aspired to be—a really grand grand opera. It is just a jolly musical show, and I fancy we shall see plenty of it in the next few years. I do not consider it an immortal work, but it should live at least as long as *The Merry Widow*.

An Italian conductor, not employed at Covent Garden, and whose name is quite new to me, has seen fit to comment adversely on Sir Thomas Beecham's conducting of this year's *Die Meistersinger*.

Anyone who considers that Sir Thomas's handling of the orchestra in Wagner's masterpiece falls short of perfection must be mighty hard to please. I have lost count of the number of times I have heard *Die Meistersinger* over a long period of years; this season's performances have been the finest I have known in London, New York, or Bayreuth, or anywhere—and top marks go to Sir Thomas. His eccentricities in *tempi* have disappeared and also a certain lack of consideration for the singers. His subtlety, sympathy, vitality, and rare musical insight remain, and the orchestra he now controls is worthy of those qualities.

*On left*—AT THE ARTS THEATRE: A scene from *Viceroy Sarah*, a play by Norman Ginsbury dealing with the dominating influence of Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, at the Court of Queen Anne. The Duchess (Edith Evans) is seen with her hand on the shoulder of the Duke (Frederick Leister)

THE QUEEN AND HER FAVOURITE: Mrs. Masham (Dorice Fordred) putting a poultice on the foot of Queen Anne. Barbara Everest gives a notable performance as the flaccid Queen

# THE BOOK WORLD

## *In Early June*

They asked a young man, the idol of the literary and dramatic worlds of two continents, why he never crossed the Atlantic in a British ship.

(The laws of libel being what they are, I am not allowed to say what kind of ship he *was* on. Let us call it the flagship of the Ruritanian Line.)

"Because," he said laconically, "these people have no damn silly 'women and children first' nonsense about them."

Now that is a true story. On the other hand, Mr. Wallace Smith, author of **THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), asserts the fictionality of his characters (the phrase is his: not mine).

And does that Captain (Helquist by name) hate the sea? Oh boy! (the fictionality being American) and how?

"I am waiting for the day," said the captain, "when a ship I am commanding is about to sink. Not only will I not go down with my ship, an heroic figure erect on the bridge, but I want to see anybody try to take precedence over the captain when the lifeboats are swung over the side."

An embittered man, the skipper of the *San Capador;* his hate extended to the people he had to take on his cruises. Yes, and the only reason he was on the sea was because he ran away to it forty years before—all because his father's whiskers fell into the soup.

It is no use questioning the reality of this, or any other character in this novel. Take any half-dozen American films, select a handful of characters, male and female in various types, add a detective, a judge, a crook, a bar-tender, a comic English major, officers, crew, Chinese boys, the aforesaid hating captain, and add a no-better-than-she-should-be girl who makes everybody aware of themselves and everybody else, and you have the ingredients.

Then you have the direct, brutal, vivid, slang-ridden American reportorial style (which English reviewers are fond of labelling Hemingway, and is unfair to Hemingway, who is a careful and deliberate artist). The conversations between some of these bad boys and girls are purple with words and phrases seldom heard and never understood outside a bar-room.

That, I suppose, is realism; as well as the episode of which the English major is the un-heroic centre. Readers with no stomach for this kind of thing will do well to avoid it.

And incidentally, shouldn't the writers of publishers' blurbs *read* the books they blurb about? This one says:—

"Steve, the only character we see something of before the *San Capador* leaves New York on this memorable cruise."

Actually Steve comes aboard at San Pedro, and the voyage is *to* New York where, at the end, the ship "rubbed her tropic weary flank against the dock."

There is a curious phrase, invented by some slip-shod Victorian, and used by people who normally profess tolerance. It is meant to indicate the large majority of people living in any country, and it is "the lower classes."

JOHN PYM—THE GREAT PARLIAMENTARIAN: Original manuscripts and autograph letters formerly belonging to Pym are being offered for sale by Charles J. Sawyer, Ltd., of Grafton Street

Now Mr. T. O. Beachcroft writes about the lower classes, only he seems to think about them as people, and certainly writes with understanding. Bitterness and savagery and catalogued squalor are normally the keynote of books written about poor people. Here is someone who has an unusually acute sense of drama, but who writes sympathetically and with humour.

In a collection of his short stories, **A YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY** (Boriswood. 7s. 6d.), he also shows himself an expert in short story form—no common achievement. The stories really are short, and not undergrown novels, but they have a satisfactory completeness, and not one of them relies on a clever-clever twist in the last two lines, used to delude readers into an appreciation of missing talent.

"Like others of her years," says the author of one of his characters, "she had a perfect touch for a good blowsy effect." Mr. Beachcroft's touch, I might say, is as admirable, but the effect is very far from blowsy.

A LITERARY TREASURE: The Prayer Book used by Dr. Johnson, the famous lexicographer, and recently discovered by Mr. Foyle, the bookseller, among some old volumes which he was sending over to the Little Theatre for use in the play, *Once Upon a Time*. An offer of £200 has already been made for this treasure

**TRINA**, by H. S. Hoff (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is as delightful a piece of nonsense as I have read for a long time. Most of the action takes places at Prk, a charming village, with a large hotel, on the Adriatic. Prk!

In the first person Mr. Hoff is trailing the wily Serafanopopoulos, and at Prk encounters a wealthy resident, George Henniker, "the sort of man you called 'Old George' to show you did not really mind his being a bit of a bore."

Trina, Old George's wife, is the real reason we dally so long at Prk. George's cricket match is one of the brightest we have ever encountered in fiction; and can we blame Mr. Hoff for retiring "hurt" because the lovely Trina is looking on.

*Trina* is new, fresh, original. Casting round for comparisons with that kind of delicate humour which is concealed by a suave artlessness, I have to go back to Mr. Max Beerbohm. But why try to compare the incomparable in either case?

Keep your eye on Mr. Hoff; I never saw a surer reputation in the making. Buy *Trina;* it'll have a first-edition value at a not far distant date.

I like Mr. Eric Linklater; he is one of the few modern writers I can re-read. He makes me laugh and I like the vigour of his mind. His *Magnus Merriman* is still one of the best of the year's novels.

That is why **THE REVOLUTION** (The White Owl Press. 3s. 6d.) puzzles me. It is a long short story in three episodes, in which the actress, Olenina (the sort who had a Russian mother), is the central character.

It might be a political or social satire; on the other hand it might be an experiment in character caricature. Certainly it is unconvincing and unsatisfying, which Mr. Linklater never is.

Or, at least, I hope not.

Is there anything to equal the smugness of the unconventional? "Technically interesting" is the description of Miss G. E. Trevelyan's **AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING** (Secker. 7s. 6d.). Life is "laid bare by comments and reveries and the sustained delusions which precede death."

There is a dearth of verbs; an abundance of full stops; a fumbling at word patterns. Technical fiddlesticks!

Miss Trevelyan is suffering from an overdose of Gertrude Stein.

Nor do I pretend to a complete understanding of Mr. Samuel Beckett's **MORE PRICKS THAN KICKS** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). "Here is a new independent spirit at work" says the description, "one that employs the intellect to illumine the comicality and poetic beauty which permeate ordinary vulgar feelings and events."

Here, I would add, is an Irish intellectual, belabouring the novel form with the traffic of his emotions pitched between Eliot and James Joyce.

Mr. Ford Madox Ford is also an intellectual, but do I have to remind readers that he has written some of the finest historical novels in the language and that his war trilogy is literature? When such a writer settles down to gossip about himself, his friends and his impressions, over a period of years since the War we may be certain of good entertainment.

"Just before the Armistice I had been summoned from my battalion to the Ministry of Information in London. There I had found Mr. (Arnold) Bennett in a presidential chair. In my astonishment at finding him in such a place I stuttered out:

"'How fat you've got!'

"He said:

"'You have to write about terms of peace. . .'"

George Moore "always gave me the impression of being a water-colour drawing of the sage of Croisset that whilst it was still wet had been nearly bleached with blotting-paper."

"Conrad told me afterwards that Jack (Galsworthy) had held the mile record at Oxford for several years. That needs persistence."

"I acquired a goat, called Penny, because it had a certain facial resemblance to Mr. (Ezra) Pound."

"Mr. Sinclair Lewis raked in a great number of banknotes. He garnered them from the table-cloth and stuffed them into his hat. Then he inverted the hatful over the hands of one of the waiters!"

"Mr. Hemingway soon became my assistant editor. . . . But when I paid my month's visit to New York he took charge, and accomplished his purpose at the expense of curtailing a short story of Mrs. H. G. Wells down to forty lines, and the London Letter of an esteemed correspondent down to three."

"I was always afraid of Mr. Frank Harris. I was conscious of being a just man, but he affected me with a sense of the supernatural, as if he could mysteriously work with hidden powers, so that I committed crimes whilst I slept. I had known him with his high colour, his buffalo-horn moustache, and his voice of a town bull that was weeping over a sentimental novelette . . ."

And here is the story of how the *transatlantic review* was born—without capitals.

"I had no motive in printing the title without capitals. I had seen the name of a shop somewhere on the boulevard without capital letters and had rather liked the effect. Then, by a mere coincidence, Mr. Cumming's poem had no capitals. The conjunction made a great sensation. It was, of course, taken to be a display of Communism."

And to Mr. Ford Madox Ford's perspicacity as an editor, the author of **IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), pays this remarkable tribute:

"I have accepted manuscripts by unknown writers after reading the first three lines. This was the case with D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, (Percy) Wyndham Lewis, and H. M. Tomlinson. In the case of Mr. Hemingway, I did not read more than six words of his before I decided to publish everything that he sent me."

In my notice of **SIR ENOCH HILL**, by R. K. Bacon, the week before last, I inadvertently attributed it to the wrong publishing house. It is published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson at 5s. net.

**Vernon Fane**

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On page 372 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

# People Who Entertain Us

IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF A RECORD-BREAKING MUSICAL COMEDY: Anna May Wong as Zaharat, the slave girl, in the Gainsborough film, *Chu Chin Chow*, which has just been completed at the Islington Studios. It will shortly be shown in the West End

"MUSICAL HORSE PLAY" AT THE GAIETY: Gilly Flower who plays with Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff in *Sporting Love*. *Right*—Claudette Colbert in the exquisite wedding gown she wears in *It Happened One Night*—her first film with Clark Gable

"THE OLD GAIETY DAYS' BALL" AT THE SAVOY: Miss Camille Clifford, who took part in the cabaret arranged by Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Olga Lynn, wearing her original "Gibson Girl" dress which was the sensation of London in 1905. It has an 18-inch waist and is fastened with three dozen hooks and eyes

PLAYING THE LEAD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: Merle Oberon as she appears in *The Private Life of Don Juan*—Alexander Korda's new historical film which is now in production

THE SU YEE TROUPE OF CHINESE ACROBATS which performs sensational feats in Mr. Cochran's new supper-time show, *Jollity*, at the Trocadero Grill Room. They are expert at conjuring, juggling, and wrestling

# THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)*

NORTH OF THE TWEED: A competitor in the third Scottish Rally, which was held last week by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, at the line of the stop and restart test on the famous Devil's Elbow in the Grampians

Ever since Mr. Reid A. Railton redesigned and rebuilt Sir Malcolm Campbell's famous *Blue Bird* car he has been looked upon, and rightly so, as one of the most brilliant designers in the world of automobile engineering. He has done an immense amount of original work, but he has also been responsible for a surprising amount of redesigning, which is probably more difficult than the straight job. I do not think that any of his work has been more successful than that of altering the well-known Hudson Eight Terraplane, which in its new guise is known as the Railton Terraplane. American ideas do not always coincide with ours, and so the combination of Railton and Terraplane is interesting, and the product is distinctly pleasing to British motorists. Hudson Essex were, I believe, the originators of the word "terraplaning," and it is not often that a coined word is really apt, but in this case the expression actually gives a better description of motoring in one of these cars than could be done by employing other and longer phrases.

To commence with, the Railton Terraplane bears in outward appearance a striking resemblance to the well-known Invicta car, and no motorist who has had any experience can have failed to appreciate the imposing and pleasing lines of this sports car. Appearance, however, is not everything, and so I will detail a few of the alterations which have been carried out on the Hudson Essex Terraplane in order to turn it into a Railton Terraplane. The radiator is lowered some five inches. Greater road stability is obtained by lowering the centre of gravity, making modifications to the suspension and fitting Andre telecontrol shock absorbers on all four wheels, making eight shock absorbers in all. By the liberal use of aluminium and the clever elimination of every superfluous ounce of metal the weight of the complete car has been materially reduced. A spare coil with a cut-in switch is provided so as to supply a secondary ignition system, and the specification includes extra large headlamps and a Brooklands spring steering wheel. A typically British instrument board has been designed with all the necessary gauges and indicators.

On the road this car is almost unique. The capacity of the engine is more than 4 litres and develops 113 b.h.p. at 3,800 r.p.m. Tremendous power is, therefore, available, with the result that the driver experiences all the rapid acceleration which is usually associated with a supercharged engine and all the time the car runs in complete silence. This noiseless acceleration has to be experienced before it can be appreciated. Naturally in these days of traffic congestion this acceleration is most useful, and even if the car did not have a high limit speed it would be sufficient to allow journeys, even short ones, to be accomplished in remarkably short times. The car, however, will easily do over 80 m.p.h., so that when a nice straight, deserted road comes along there is no need to dally.

It is a car which compels the driver to watch the speedometer needle until he grows accustomed to its speed. Between 60 and 70 m.p.h. the novice might fondly imagine that he was travelling at 30 m.p.h., and so a watchful eye, not only on the speedometer, but on the road ahead is very necessary. The actual car I drove was a sports saloon, and I found that the closed body had practically no effect whatever in reducing speed or altering the performance obtained with the open four-seater model. I was satisfied with the brakes, which in my opinion frequently fail to come up to the requisite standard on many sports cars. Another point which thoroughly pleased me was the way in which the car held the road at all speeds. I would certainly advise any reader who is on the look-out for a fast, silent sports car to have a run in one of these Railton Terraplanes. The prices are very reasonable and below those of many similar sports cars.

TO THE ORDER OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: A "Hooper" enclosed limousine specially designed for the new V. 25 h.p. Straight Eight Daimler chassis. The body is painted claret with a vermilion picking-out line. The interior is trimmed in West of England cloth with black leather to the driving seat

I was talking the other day to a sales manager of a firm that employs a certain number of travellers who are provided with very up-to-date light vans in which they carry their sample goods. These vans are more or less touring cars, except that the bodies are built specially for their particular job. This friend of mine, finding that he had nothing better to do one afternoon, thought he would go out with one of his travellers, and so he went. The first thing that amazed him, being a private motorist of some experience himself, was that the car bristled with driving mirrors, and so, quite naturally, he inquired what was their particular purpose. The van's usual driver replied that they were quite necessary in order to keep a proper and effective look-out for speed cops, and then went on to add that before very long my friend would find them most useful. Before he had gone very far on one of the by-pass roads out of London he was warned by his traveller that a car behind looked very suspicious and that the speed of 40 m.p.h. should be reduced. Sure enough, when half a mile or so had been covered at this speed, the following car pulled out and passed, and there in all their glory, but very disappointed, sat two able-bodied policemen. My friend told me that this experience was repeated for miles, and that during the afternoon they were tracked down by about six police cars, the occupants of which apparently employ the same tactics and endeavour to catch commercial vehicles exceeding their ridiculous 30 m.p.h. limit.

We have got to remember that when the old 20 m.p.h. general speed limit was in force, speed cops in this country were not in existence and so traps had to be worked by stop-watch and three police officers. Now that police-cars and motor-cycles are fairly abundant we must assume that when the suggested 30 m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas becomes law we shall all find it necessary to cover our cars with driving mirrors and periscopes because these minions of the law apparently sit right on the tail of any car they wish to trap and in that position the ordinary driving mirror outside the body on the driver's right will not detect the following vehicle. It is a pretty prospect to look forward to.

I should very much like to see the R.A.C. or the A.A. challenge the accuracy of the speedometers in one of these cases where the police rely on the evidence of this instrument on their own car. Not very long ago I was asked at Brooklands to check the accuracy of some speedometers which were to be placed, or had been placed, on police cars, but I pointed out that such a test would be quite useless unless undertaken in a laboratory I think it would be very illuminating to hear how the police test their speedometers and then, if accurate instruments are available, how they use them to indicate the speed of some other vehicle on the road. Our motoring organizations ought to watch this point very carefully, for unless it is challenged now in its early stages there is a danger that the accuracy of police speedometers will be taken for granted by magistrates throughout the country.

A CAR OF THE FUTURE: The "Dymaxion," a three-wheeled vehicle invented by Mr. Buckminster Fuller of U.S.A. The two front wheels are set midway in the ovaloid body and the rear wheel steers the car in the manner of a ship's rudder

The traffic arrangements for this year's Aldershot Tattoo follow closely those carried out successfully by the military authorities and the R.A.C. in 1933. The dates on which the Tattoo will be held are Saturday, June 16, and Tuesday to Saturday, June 19 to 23 inclusive.

The whole of the parking arrangements will be in the hands of the R.A.C., the area being again divided into four regions, each of which is provided with roads giving direct communication with the main routes running north, south, east, and west from the Tattoo area. To avoid congestion three routes have this year been allocated to the London traffic.

All routes are distinguished by different colours, and these in turn correspond with the various car parks served by each particular route. The car parking discs sold in advance are also coloured to correspond with the various parks, and the cars are sorted on arrival, according to colour, into the park served by the departure route it is desired to use.

Those who do not wish to avail themselves of the advantages provided by booking a reserved car berth in advance are requested to obtain a special windscreen slip bearing the word "Tattoo." These are also coloured, and by displaying them on their cars visitors to the Tattoo will greatly facilitate the traffic arrangements and their own departure when the Tattoo is over. These slips may be obtained without charge from the R.A.C. or from any Tattoo agent.

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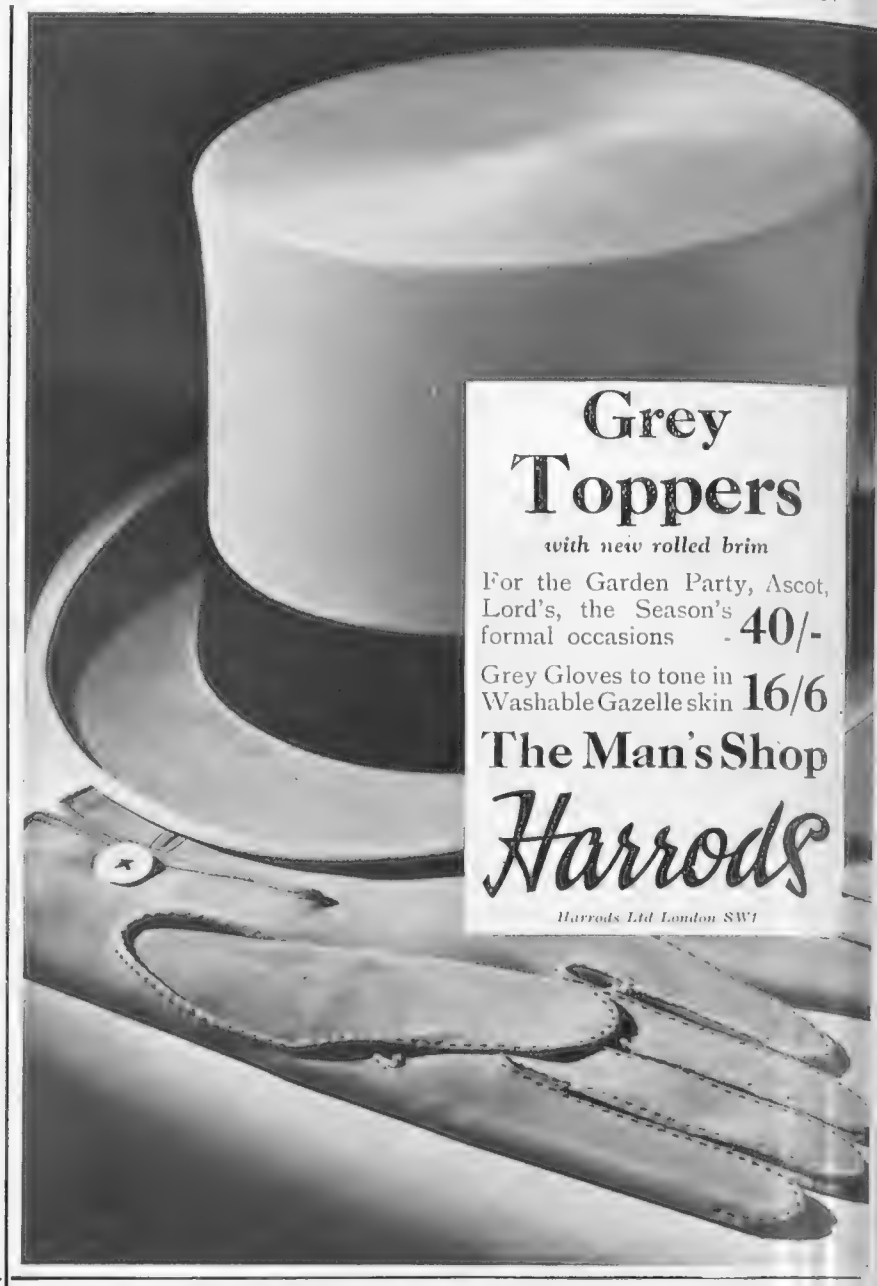

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# HOME MANAGEMENT
## SECTION OF THE SPHERE
*A Special Monthly Feature Compiled by Experts on All Points of Interior Decoration*

# CONVERSATION PIECE

WE ARE TOLD (and which of us of this generation can fail to believe it?) that the "art of conversation" is returning.

What perhaps we are not told, but what is, nevertheless, equally true, is that the craft of comfort has returned. And this does not refer to the alleged "softness" of a luxury-loving, press-the-button age! It refers quite definitely to the fact that we make easy chairs for comfort: whether they be gracious period designs or the stream-lined modern product of a synthetic-minded age. We are determined to be—comfortable: and, in such a mood of relaxation, we can talk . . . even brilliantly. And we do.

The intensive cultivation of our little leisure has had some effective by-products—armchairs and settees that rest the work-weary among them. Cocktail equipment for the quick, effective, and inexpensive entertaining of a post-War world, another. But without the superlative armchairs of to-day, our svelte and rather stark homes would be comfortless; it is so often the upholstery in the modern room that saves it from resembling, too nearly, the operating chamber.

It was this thought that led me to a typical modern flat in a modern block in which (as alas! we know but too well) everything, except room to swing a cat, is provided.

It was and is the chairs and the settee that saved it from inhumanity. For the modern designers and craftsmen make their chairs with skill and flair; they must, of course, be really easy chairs, even seductive; but also they must be easily cleaned, easily kept fresh (that is—their covers must be renewable and resistant to modern dirt) and—they must be relatively inexpensive.

An age that suffers mass-produced goods *ad nauseam* has also provided the specially made and the tailor-made chair and settee.

At the same time, while we admire and often invest in the ultra-modern, all square chair and settee suite, we have returned in our allegiance to the best of period designs.

Eighteenth-century chairs—the real thing—just happen to a happy household. But—they can be purchased in excellent reproduction—which, by the way, is a vastly different and less pretentious and more valid affair than what is called "imitation."

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I have just seen these, both modern design and reproduction, in the making; from the first stage of their design to the eleventh stage—the finished article, in the workrooms of a firm who can check back their pedigree to 1820—in this matter of upholstery. Howards of Berners Street have made chairs long before the first-hand memory of the oldest member of the firm in active service to-day. The workrooms at the top of the famous firm were visited (in their most vital sections where the real work is done) by H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, who was intent upon seeing the earlier stages of a settee ordered for the present Queen (then Duchess of York) as a gift for her shortly before the birth of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The workshops are still virtually the same; and,

Here you see behind the scenes. The chair is having expert attention in the workrooms of one of the most noted upholsterers and chair designers in England. Incidentally one can glean from this photograph some idea of the enormous amount of work that is involved in its making. *(Courtesy Messrs. Howard, Ltd.)*

Seven square cushions are massed on this wide and simply proportioned settee designed by Arundell Clarke. It is shown in his famous Sun Tan room, where only essentials are allowed to remain and space is cherished instead of being destroyed

for those whose interest takes them a little deeper than merely punching the cushions and signing the cheque, there is an amazing interest in the meticulous care that British craftsmanship expends without stint upon fine reproductions of British styles of the past, and of modernist styles of the present. It is worthy of note—in an age when we do care for intrinsic value and have to demand it!—that each of these chairs has a sturdy frame that is made coherent by mortice and tenon rather than dowel . . . technical terms which indicate a much more intimate joining of component parts than the mere fastening by a bond or pin!

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These technicalities are not beyond the interest of the moderns; they must, when they spend good (and often hard earned) money, insist upon adequate return. They are reasonable in wanting richness and brightness allied to comfort in the stark rooms with their light or pastel shaded walls . . .

Meanwhile, imagine yourself in the happy position of having the choice of your "conversation pieces," and with the whole field of ancient and modern before you.

Here are some of the possibilities: You can go quite definitely modern and select an armchair of the steel variety without any sacrifice of comfort, nor, indeed, of conversational abilities; and in addition, you will find the PEL S.P. 12 a space saver. This, when you want to get more than two of it into a small flat, is a consideration.

Still modern, but not steel, is the famous type of chair invented, I think, by Arundell Clarke, the all-square *comfortable* chair, the chair that first made its appearance

The whole point of a fireside chair is that it must be sufficiently small and low for one to be able to crouch over the flames. Here is a modern chair, very simple and effective

(and really did shock the more conventional) in check tweed, and thereafter blossomed out into infinite variety of coverings, from cellulosed leather to coat-lining. It has a younger brother, I think, more rotund, and alleged to be as comfortable; and, of course, it has its attendant settees.

The Superlax is a practical proposition and one that commends itself to the man's room, I think. And it is worth remembering that this chair has a patent self-adjustable back, and that the desideratum of the housemaid, easy cleaning, is obtained by a detachable back.

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But, while we have been contemplating chairs, pure and simple, it is wise not to lose sight of the increasing possibilities of chairs plus that "little something"—the chair plus its paper rack, or book-case; the settee that is part of a cupboard—in fact, the built-in and the built-up varieties of furniture that are essentially equipment for the small new modern home.

Bowman, Bartholomew and Fletcher, Whiteley, Lawrence, Heal—all these evolve with amazing rapidity new and better ideas for this composite and unit-construction furniture; and then there is the little-builder-round-the-corner who will probably evolve for you the armchair with its side sections as you may want them, or the settee against the wall flanked by book-cases in American whitewood.

The possibilities of chairs are by no means exhausted; there are those that are particularly suited to summer, and country cottages; the woven fibre furniture with auto-construction sprung seats, Lloyd loom. And there is the amazing Cowley Minty chair, that you can quite literally dissect for cleaning and recovering. All, or nearly all, of these have their attendant settees; and they can, by the way, be chosen in small as well as "kolossal" models that the moderns affect in their larger rooms.

I asked Mr. Howard how long is the "expectation of life" of a normal chair and settee, made properly; and the answer reassured me—my own far distant silver wedding will see mine with still more than a decade to go before they feel even tired!

J. W.

# CHANGING YOUR POINT of VIEW

*How to Rearrange Your Furniture and Suggestions for Window Treatment*

By DEREK PATMORE

*(Author of "Colour Schemes" and "Modern Decoration")*

An interesting Regency room designed by Diana Tate and Marion Hall. The success of the scheme relies on the simple arrangement of the furniture, and the window draperies—to say nothing of the drapery fixtures—are true to period

THE MODERN MOOD is restless and changeable. Conditions are continually altering, consequently we all have an unconscious desire to change our surroundings.

It is really quite an easy matter to change a room, but very few people attempt to do it. The majority of houseowners feel that once a room has been decorated and furnished it cannot be altered. Yet an existing room can frequently be improved, and be made infinitely more attractive by some simple alteration or re-arrangement, such as a new pair of curtains, a re-grouping of the furniture, or a new rug or carpet.

Elimination is the secret of successful interior decoration. So many rooms are spoilt by overcrowding with too much furniture, and by cluttering up all the available floor space with unnecessary bric-a-brac. The ideal modern room should have the perfect taste and calm serenity of an old Chinese painting.

An effective example of a cleverly arranged room is the dining-room belonging to Miss Gertrude Lawrence. It is elegant and modern without being too extreme. The walls and ceiling are painted dead white, and the window is curtained in a shining white material. The window treatment is particularly worthy of notice as the windows themselves have been draped in white organdie edged with frills, and a low black settee with zebra-striped cushions has been placed in front of them.

In this cool all-white setting has been arranged a dining-table with a mirror-glass top, and round it have been grouped tall dining-room chairs covered in white leather edged with scarlet. The effect of the whole room is to create a restful, yet brilliant background for entertaining.

For those who do not possess antique furniture, modern built-in furniture would prove a simple solution to the many problems of furniture arrangement. Built-in furniture is invaluable in rooms with awkward corners and sloping walls. Also, it is particularly suitable for a bedroom for by this means the windows of the room can frequently be turned into a very effective dressing-table with drawers built in underneath.

Such treatment costs very little, as ordinary plywood can be used for this purpose, and then painted to whatever colour required. Rooms with bay-windows are specially suitable for this treatment, and I recently saw a double bedroom in which this treatment had been used with great success. The room was designed for a young married couple, and the walls and ceiling washed a clean white. The large bay-window had been turned by means of built-in furniture into a double dressing-table for husband and wife. Drawers and cupboards for boots and shoes had been fixed to the walls, and the whole dressing-table lit by tubular lighting at the top. The small angles formed by the bay window had been fitted with triangular shelves for bottles and cosmetics, and in this manner every bit of available space had been utilised.

Some clever arrangements of furniture and bookshelves can be seen in the rooms exhibited in the decorating department of Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. I particularly liked the low occasional tables made in mahogany and oak in which bookshelves have been fitted underneath. These are very practical in a small room as they take up little space and combine the functions of a table and bookcase. I advise anybody requiring helpful ideas to visit these rooms, where they will see some really clever decorating arrangements. Moreover, their furniture is reasonably priced and within reach of the most modest purse.

With its all-white background and scarlet and white leather chairs, Miss Gertrude Lawrence's dining-room is a triumph of simplicity and colour. The delicate curtains are white, and the table has a mirror top

When you are re-arranging your furniture, simple decorative effects can be achieved by clever placing of small accessories. In modern decoration one can often bring out, or accentuate, a colour scheme by means of a vase, cushion, or a decorative group of china. Sometimes a corner of a room can be grouped with such skill that it will emphasize the scheme of the entire room. I know of one instance where the character of an all-white room has been emphasized by placing an antique silvered Venetian glass mirror in one corner; underneath this has been arranged an antique chest, painted white, on which stands a white porcelain vase filled with white peacocks' feathers.

Finally, in furniture arrangement, the colour scheme can frequently be built up round a single fine painting or a piece of antique furniture. My own living-room is an illustration of this form of decoration. In this case, the whole room has been built round an old 18th-century Japanese screen with a design in black and old gold. As a background for the screen, which is hung along one wall, the walls and ceiling have been painted Chinese yellow and varnished. In contrast, the floor is covered with a nigger-brown carpet, and the settee and chairs covered with oatmeal-coloured fabric. Touches of colour are introduced by an occasional table in lacquer red, and by coloured cushions on the large settee which has been placed below the screen. The whole success of this room relies on elimination of all unnecessary detail, and by this means the quality and design of the screen have been enhanced, merely by leaving all the other walls bare of ornaments or pictures.

A room without a view can be made vitally alive by building [illegible] strikingly beautiful thing. In this instance the leit motif [illegible] screen in black and old gold. The walls and ceiling are pa[illegible] covered in oatmeal-coloured fabric, and the ca[illegible]

Here on the left is a lemonade set that is as gay as a summer's day. It is of crystal glass illuminated with bands of black and silver, and it costs only 17s. 6d. at Hampton's of Pall Mall, S.W. 1. The set consists of one large jug and six tumbler glasses, which look so cool and clean that any long drink would seem twice as refreshing if one drank it out of them

# CHINA and GLASS for a COUNTRY COTTAGE

A change in the shape of plates and saucers is definitely something that should be noted, for it happens comparatively rarely, and it is consequently very interesting. The plate and the cup and saucer shown above are part of the "Biarritz" dinner and breakfast set designed by Clarice Cliff for the Newport Pottery Company. Coral firs, with tones of brown and yellow in the foreground, stand out against the yellow glaze, and the same design is also made in subtly blended shades of blue and green

○

*On left—*
Meet Bingo the Pup—a doorstop of stalwart mien and benign expression. Made in Derbyshire of stone that has a matt finish, he costs 7s. 6d., though younger members of his family are priced at 4s. 6d. and 2s. For the moment they are all living happily at Hampton's

orative scheme round one nteenth-century Japanese rese yellow, the settee is lager brown

○

*On right—*
Here is a cure for that "morning after" feeling. A breakfast set in pure white Foley china spotted with blue, red, brown, or green. It is impossible to resist its fresh brightness for it has that sort of simplicity that belongs to spring and to the very young. It is called "Spots," has man-sized teacups as well as smaller versions, has unusual ridged plates, and is very comprehensive

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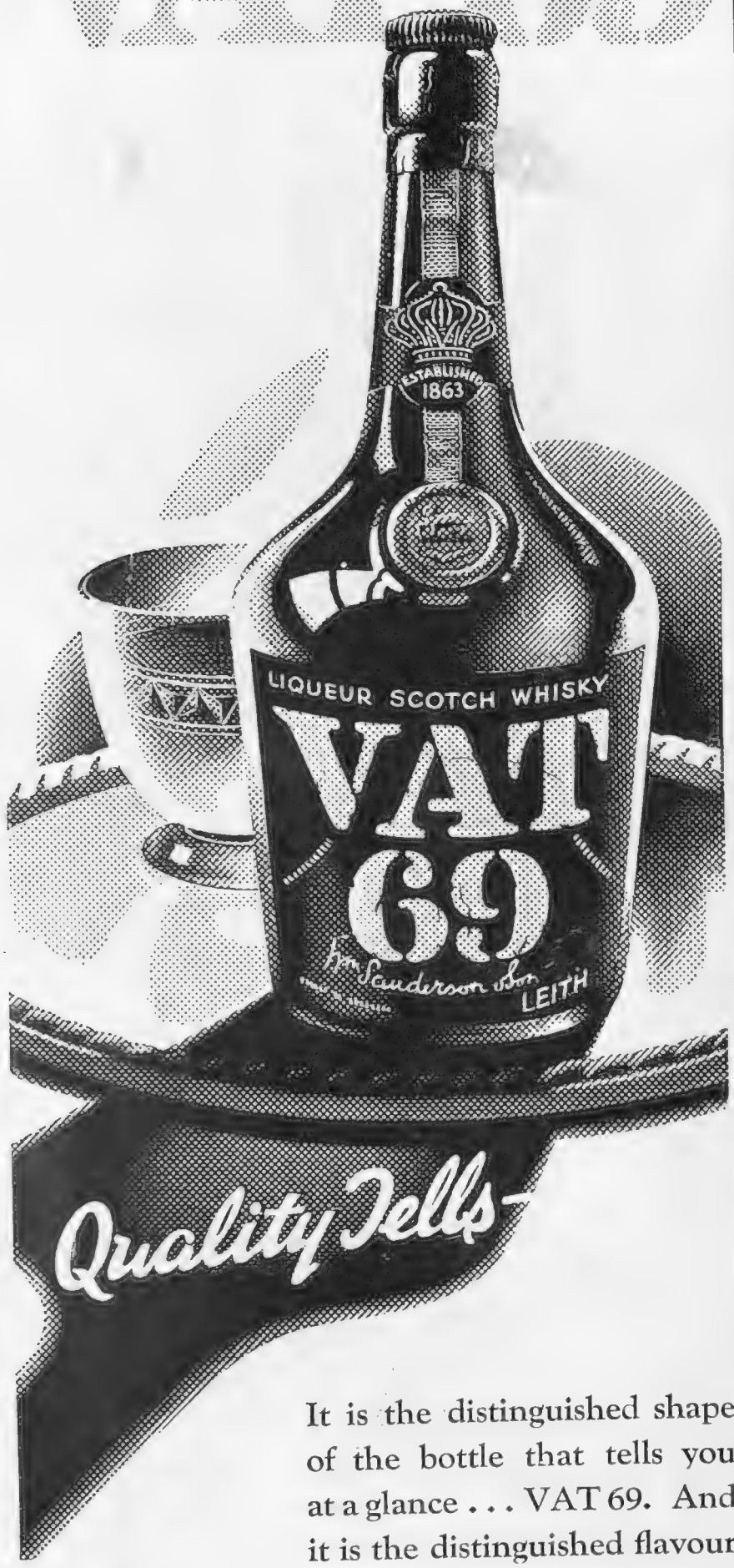


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# REFRIGERATION IN THE HOME

By WINIFRED LEWIS

IT REQUIRES courage to swallow the maxim that "the dearest is the cheapest in the end," but once swallowed and carefully digested, the medicine proves itself an unfailing restorative to the pocket.

As to its influence upon the housekeeping purse, there are really no words to express its beneficent effects. This is no personal whim either, but an established fact in which every thinking housekeeper will join me, I know.

Economy is a subtle thing, and frequently operates most successfully under the pseudonym "extravagance"—as in the case of household equipment.

It begins with the merest trifle. From the cheap saucepan which requires more heating and scorches the food into the bargain, up to the out-of-date cooking range which would cost half as much to replace as it regularly wastes on fuel and labour. Waste! What a bugbear to every conscientious housekeeper, and yet how difficult to eliminate without equipment scientifically created for the purpose.

If one only troubles to calculate in cold figures the money saved for the housekeeping budget by the installation of a refrigerator, for instance, there can be no further doubt that the initial outlay involved is justified again and again.

Take the summer months alone and make even the roughest estimate of money wasted on food which has become tainted, or if not actually uneatable, rendered unappetising by the warm summer temperature. How many pints of milk go sour? How much extra butter is used on account of its oily consistency? How many half-finished dishes are rejected and salads discarded because their appetising crispness is impaired?

The small household may find it difficult to reconcile these trifling leakages with the initial cost of a refrigerator, but it is the long view that pays. Moreover, add to other considerations the disadvantages to health and appetite of half-decaying food. Milk, meat, fish—where is the delicacy or the flavour, to say nothing of the nutrition, of either if not in their absolute purity and freshness? And how can this be maintained by slip-shod methods? Well, of course, it can't.

The latest Electrolux is silent, motorless, and portable. Modern refrigerators make crisp salads, ice-creams, and chilled drinks daily features of the summer menu and waste is practically eliminated

*On left*—This is a Frigidaire model designed to meet the needs of a fairly large family. A refrigerator of this size in the kitchen enables shopping to be done two or three days ahead with safety, and with that economy which every practical housekeeper appreciates

Every small household is obliged to forgo in ordinary practice the advantage of a larger purchase at a lower price because of the problem of preserving the food that cannot immediately be consumed. How much less expensive and more tasty is the larger joint than the smaller; yet without some means of preserving its freshness and quality the average small household is denied this form of economy.

One may argue that the difficulties of preserving food present themselves only during three months of the year, but this is far from being so. Even in winter the modern small kitchen is subject to violent fluctuations of temperature due to heating and cooking operations, and food can only be kept in a condition of perfect health and quality when the temperature is maintained at a cool and even level.

Preparing food for more than one day at a time, moreover, is an advantage which operates in any season of the year. If the household employs only one domestic the daily routine is often simplified by the fact that she can prepare and market food for more than one day in the perfect assurance that the refrigerator will send it to table in the same condition in which it was bought. The perpetual interruption to daily tasks of shopping and preparing for the next meal are very largely relieved in this way, and the result is a contented servant—and everybody knows the value of that!

Where no servant is kept these advantages repeat themselves again and again, especially in a household with young children whose diet is mainly composed of perishable things.

The refrigerators themselves are now adapted to every type of household. There is the model which can be built snugly under a draining board in the smallest of kitchens up to the giant refrigerator which has storage capacity for provisions for a small army of people.

One very popular self-contained model commends itself for the home of average requirements. This is an automatic model which requires no elaborate installation; it is motorless and portable, and operates silently by gas, electricity, or even oil. This model costs £19 10s. and, like most other types, is offered on hire-purchase terms which make it a very practicable investment.

Electrolux, Limited—one of the pioneer makers of refrigerators—estimate the consumption of fuel for their larger models as follows:—

Gas, 2½ cubic feet per hour
Electricity, 200 watts
Oil, one-seventh of a gallon per 24 hours

This is an interesting table inasmuch as it shows the running costs of the large models to be almost negligible. A further inducement towards paving the difficult way to cheaper housekeeping.

Could anything look more appetising than these creamed eggs served à la cocotte and garnished with asparagus tips? They are no trouble at all to prepare, and they are always a success

*HOME MANAGEMENT SECTION . . .*

# A WEEK-END MENU

## that makes a Hostess Feel a Happy Guest

By H. PEARL ADAM

MANY A WEEK-END is a stretch of hard labour, without the option of a fine, to the hostess. Her guests pay the convict sympathetic visits; but her family is frankly exasperated.

Well do they know that even a happy martyr is a tacit reproach to them, and a regret to their friends, who are there to enjoy themselves. The hostess must be able to express the art which conceals art if she is to be a guest among her guests.

A menu well planned ahead is the main road to this desirable end. A great deal of the food can actually be cooked in advance, and the trimmings can be easily transported.

The practical advantages of roast joints (for Heaven's sake let them be lean!), meat pies, and fowl are among the flattest platitudes of the week-end. At the same time, they are undeniable, and if time or service is lacking for such amusing variations as a chaudfroid, or a mousse of meat or fish, one can always make a difference by what our ancestors called "side dishes." Nevertheless there are things to be done with the main dishes too.

*Saturday Lunch*

Jellied Soup
Cold Meat Salad
The Best Cheese of the Moment
Crisp Biscuits
Fruit

The jellied soup can be carried in any enamel bowl. Cut it into glasses in dice, with thin slices of cucumber over each, a knob of cream, and a sprinkle of paprika. If the weather is cold melt it and serve it in cups as soup.

The meat salad should have small chunky squares of the meat, beetroot, also chunky (on no account sliced for this dish), also chicory or celery according to season; lettuce-heart, chives, etc., will presumably be added from the garden at the last moment. Anyhow, everything must be crisp and munchable, under a good couch of mayonnaise.

*Saturday Dinner*

Creamed Asparagus Eggs
Ducklings with Olives
Banana and Coco-nut Salad
Kirsch Cream
Cheese Straws

*Creamed Eggs.*—Butter cocottes, put a spoonful of cream in each, break an egg on it, another spoonful of cream, and garnish the top with asparagus tips. (These may be previously softened in the cream over a slow fire, or just parboiled in water.) Season to taste; 20 minutes in a shallow dish of simmering water.

*Ducklings and Olives.*—This is an old recipe from Maryland, home of America's best cookery.

Put the ducklings in a closed pan, with a tablespoonful of butter to two birds. When they are brown add 3 tablespoonfuls of concentrated meat stock or jellied gravy. Put a piece of paper over the ducklings, put the lid on, and give them two hours in a slow oven. Then add ½ lb. of soaked, stoned, and quartered olives, and a little more gravy, for another 30 min.

*Banana and Coco-nut Salad.*—Slice the fruit into a dish (rather thick slices) with a little mignonette pepper, a little grated orange-rind, and a little grated coco-nut on each layer. Sugar to taste. Keep it covered an hour before serving. Just before dinner-time pour kirsch-flavoured cream over it, toss it a bit, and serve it as cold as possible.

*Sunday Lunch.*

Tomato Shrimps.
Boiled Chicken with Mint and Peas.
Salad As-You-Like-It.
Peach Cream Ice.

*Tomato Shrimps. A Belgian Favourite.*—Cut firm tomatoes in two, and fill them with their own pulp, chopped prawns or plump shrimps, and mayonnaise. This cannot be too cold.

*Chicken and Peas.*—Brown a tender chicken, filled with mint-flavoured stuffing. Put it in cold water, and when it boils, let it simmer very slowly. Put in peas and mint in time for them to be tender.

*Peach Cream Ice.*—Rub through a sieve ½-lb. peach pulp mixed with syrup made by boiling 2 oz. sugar in 1 gill water for five minutes. When cool add ½-pint whipped cream or whipped tinned milk, and freeze it.

*Sunday Supper.*

Orange Mint Cocktail.
Northern Salad.
Raspberry Jam Tarts.

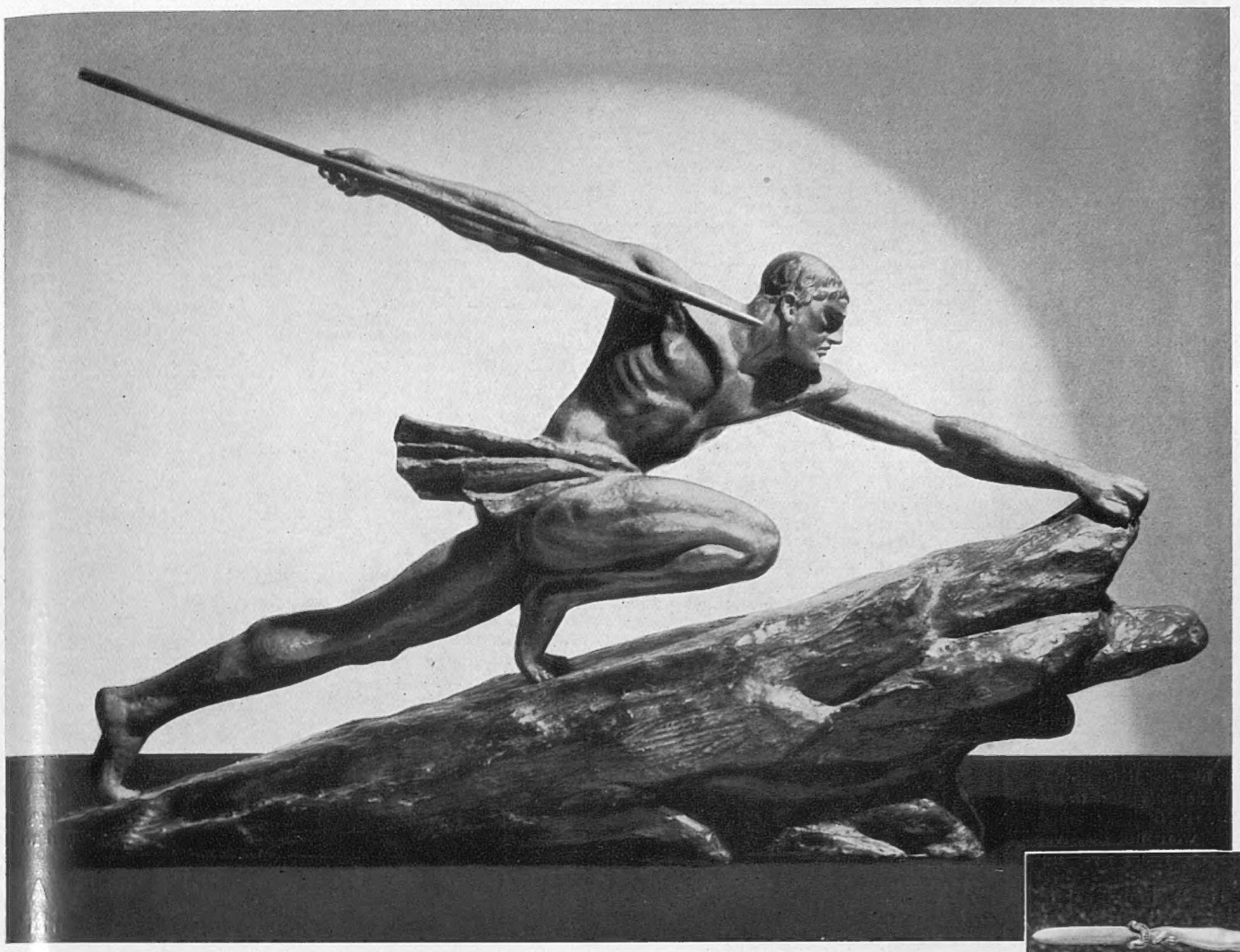
*Orange Mint Cocktails.*—Put meat of slightly bitter oranges (or grape-fruit) cut up in glass cups. Pour over it a little lemon juice mixed with pine-apple syrup. Sprinkle it with finely chopped fresh mint. Just before serving put a sprig of mint in each.

*Northern Salad.*—Cut up in dice equal amounts of salted herring and any cooked meat or chicken. Add cold cooked vegetables, also diced potatoes, turnips, parsnips, carrots, beet, beans. To this put diced cucumbers and apples. Mix it all well, pack it in a wetted mould, set it in ice, turn it out, and serve it with pure cream, flavoured with horseradish cream poured over it.

*Raspberry Jam Tartlets.*—The making of these was once said to be Mary Pickford's second string on the affections of the world.

Mix ¼ lb. each of cream cheese, butter, and flour into a dough, roll it, then cut it into very thin squares. Fill the centre of each square with raspberry jam and then turn up the corners in envelope fashion. Bake them in a moderate oven until nicely browned.

Nearly everybody likes a fruit salad, and here is one that has the added merit of originality. Composed of bananas and grated coco-nut, it is flavoured with kirsch and should be served ice-cold



"À L'AFFÛT," by Le Faguays, Paris, is a wonderful study of virility and strength. The remarkably fine modelling and the play of the muscles are set off by the gleam of the bronze, which has an antique green finish

# MOVEMENT in BRONZE

Loveliness of form, grace of movement, and delicacy of colouring are caught and for ever held captive in these bronze statuettes, which have a quality of extraordinary vitality. They may be seen, with many others, at an exhibition of Bronze Art which is being held at Warings of Oxford Street, W. This remains open until June 9, and includes a display which shows the various stages of the sculptor's work from the original model in clay to the bronze cast and the finished statuette

*Right*—"DANSE GUERRIÈRE" reveals the hand of the same artist. The figure, delicately poised on a dark green figured marble base, is of bronze with an oxidized silvered finish that has an ethereal charm

"WALTZ DREAM" is of Viennese inspiration, for it has been created by Lorenzl. With a grey silvered finish, or with a silvered finish shaded with pink, it stands on a white onyx base

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH is personified in these three studies. The first is "Spring," and is one of Lorenzl's latest masterpieces. The second is called "Dancer," and is by Ruisinger, of Munich. This is a carved ivory model with mounts of gilt bronze. "Friends" is the name of the third, made by Lorenzl in bronze with a faint tinge of green and brown on a silvered background

## UNDER THE BLACK EAGLE

(*Continued from p.* 342)

or by the State directors in each State?" General Johnson replied that "they have already been appointed from Washington." "We will then," continued Strauss, "have no hand in the selection of the men who will be responsible to us?" The General replied, "those men have already been appointed, but will nevertheless be responsible to you who are in turn responsible to Washington." Strauss has a strong touch of the idealism of our most prominent American Jews and a keen mind.

The meeting this morning was the opening of a four-day session, during which the State directors will be addressed by big shots in both the N.R.A. and N.E.C., including Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, and Davis, Administrator of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration; also Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labour, and then by the President at the White House.

The N.R.A. directors are on salary and have become officials of the N.E.C. (National Emergency Council) and are intended to relieve headquarters in Washington of much of the writing in about codes and rulings by handling the matter in the State headquarters.

The meeting was held in the big conference room of the United States Chamber of Commerce, across the park from the White House. Each director's name and State was printed on a card in front of his seat at the table and when one of them arose he was requested to announce his name and State before discussing questions.

That they each and every one relished their visit to Washington and probably hoped their attendance would be printed in the local papers, might have been evidenced by requests for information as to where they could obtain copies of the photographs I made of them, and where the pictures would be published.

General Johnson reminds me of Goering. There was no bluster in his talk this morning to his new lieutenants, in the manner of an army general issuing orders to his staff. Crisp and to the point, but he nevertheless seemed well up in his subject. His replies were not evasive, nor did they show a disposition to ride rough over his lieutenants.

I have yet to encounter a single individual of N.R.A. or any of its "subsidiaries," from the President down to stenographers and restaurant managers, but who had a pretty clear idea of what the organization is working towards. From my experience abroad, I'd hazard a guess that it's a cross between State Socialism, or maybe State Capitalism, and Fascism. But that's still a guess. All that I have so far concluded is that it is *not* democracy. There is not a shadow of doubt about this.

## SLEEPING ALOFT (*Cont. from p.* 356)

manage refreshments, and—one can but suppose—shame the timid and comfort the air-sick. What is even more interesting is the system that enables night flying to be done in comfort by passengers comfortably reclining, reading lamps by their sides, passing municipal airports at intervals of 200 or 300 miles, airports awake to the necessity of giving good service by day and by night.

Meanwhile, England and Holland, organizers of the two longest air routes in the world, continue to put their passengers to bed eight times on terra firma en route for the Far East, and still, relatively tentatively, to explore the possibilities of night flying or early morning flights. This Royal Dutch Indian air liner is a first step, and even that step is hardly yet taken, while Imperial Airways, poker-faced, reply that if we wait a little we shall see what we shall see! For there is the reasonable contention that if passengers take the long trip, they want value for money and want to know they have taken it; at this present stage the degree of speed has stabilized itself for the moment.

Meanwhile, in the famous Mutters workrooms at the Hague, the designers are still fidgeting with details that concern weight-space, pay-load, and non-inflammable materials . . . and the evolution of the aerial armchair (so well assisted by firms of the skill of our own Rumbolds and their juggling with alloys and chairs that weigh but just over 7 lbs!) has merged into the beginnings of the aerial bed—and the thought of those boats with their maddening, effortless twenty-four-hour travel day, keeps the designers and technicians hammering away at the problem of the cosseted passenger to be put to bed, aloft!

Joan Woollcombe.

## A BOOK LIST

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## ART IN THE HOME

Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., of Clare Street, Bristol, send us a copy of their journal, *The "Homelovers" Art Review*. This illustrates some of the fine art publications of this well-known firm, and, in addition, contains a series of excellent articles, including a most informative contribution on the subject of restoring pictures. An announcement is also made to the effect that the work of Mr. W. Russell Flint, R.A., is to be published in the well-known "Homelovers" series of modern colour facsimiles. *Low Tide, St. Malo*—a notable picture by this artist—is one of the first to be reproduced, and is being published in the Artist's Proof state at £6 6s. The number of copies is limited to 200.

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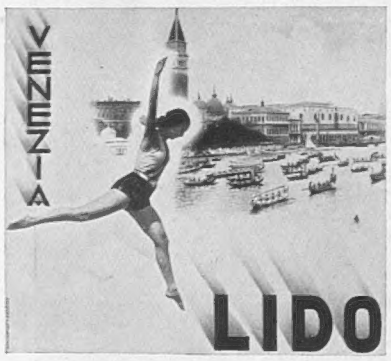


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### SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

**Axenfels** (Lake Lucerne).—**Palace Hotel.**—Excellent for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

**Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.**—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

**Basle.—Schweizerhof.**—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

**Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.**—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

**Geneva.—La Residence.**—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

**Geneva.—The Regina.**—Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

**Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.**—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

**Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.**—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

**Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois** (2270 ft.)—Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

**Gunten.—Park Hotel.**—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

**Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.**—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

**Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.**—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

**Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

**Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.**—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

**Lucerne.—The National.**—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

**Montreux.—Hotel Continental.**—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

**Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.**—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

**Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.**—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tenn. Cts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

**Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.**—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

**Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.**—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

**Vevey.—Parkhotel Mooser.**—Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension, Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

**Wengen.—Palace Hotel.**—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

**Zermatt** (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Seiler Hotels.**—(1,000 beds.) Pension rate from Frs. 9 and Frs. 12.50.

**Zurich.—Dolder Grand Hotel.**—Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.


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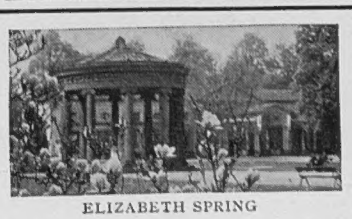

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# TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

## Answers to Enquirers

**C., Kent** (Ireland).—The best route to Cork is via Fishguard, there being sailings on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The train to Fishguard leaves Paddington at 5.55 p.m., the boat arriving at Cork at 9 a.m. the next morning. The leading hotel in Cork is the Imperial, but for a pleasant holiday we would advise you to stay in the country. The Great Southern Hotel at Parknasilla, Co. Kerry, is extremely good, and in a very lovely position overlooking the sea.

**C., Worc.** (France).—Your best plan is to book a return ticket from Paris to Cerbere, and from Biarritz to Paris, the cost of a 2nd class ticket being about 410 francs. In this way you could easily visit Rocamadour, Cahors, Albi, Moissac, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Perpignan, and Elne. At Elne you can take the motor 'bus of the Routes des Pyrenees, across to Biarritz, stopping at whichever towns most attract you. The 'bus fare across the Pyrenees is 505.50 francs, which includes a reserved seat. The Orleans and Midi Railways of France, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, will supply you with these tickets.

**B., Norfolk** (Zermatt). You should take fairly warm clothing for an early June holiday in Zermatt, the evenings particularly are inclined to turn chilly. You should also take a very heavy pair of walking shoes, preferably those studded with nails. It is not possible to make any motor excursions in the district, so that there would be absolutely no point in taking a car there. Zermatt is off the beaten track, but nevertheless it is a very popular place with nature lovers, for the scenery is very fine indeed.

**L., Cheshire** (Germany).—Bad Assmannshausen is a town of 1,500 inhabitants on the Rhine, near Bingen. It enjoys a small reputation as a spa, the waters being good for the treatment of gout and rheumatism. It is a good centre from which to make excursions into the country. The Rhine steamers call at Rudesheim, which is but a short distance from Assmannshausen. Wiesbaden is a much larger resort than the latter town, but it is one of the loveliest spas in Germany, and offers much opportunity for making 'bus, steamer, and rail excursions.

## Hints for Travellers

### THE VIIth BARCELONA FAIR.

Barcelona's Annual Fair, at which every kind of industrial and agricultural product, both national and foreign, is displayed, will be held from June 2 to 17. In 1933, 300,000 people visited the Fair, and this year, in order to attract an even greater number, exhibitors and visitors, on presentation of the identity card which is issued free by the Fair authorities, can obtain a reduction up to 50 per cent. on rail and steamship fares. Barcelona is in itself a most interesting city, and a visit there can be full of attractions and pleasure.

### A.B.C. OF AIR SERVICES.

In this most useful little book which was published for the first time this month, the intending air passenger will find over 100 towns set out in alphabetical order, with the through fares, single and return, from London, hours and days of departures and arrivals, and the excess baggage charges. To maintain accuracy the *Air A.B.C.* will be published every month, copies, price 6d., being obtainable from W. H. Smith and Sons, Newsagents, and from the offices of Imperial Airways and Air France.

**At the Service of Our Readers**

**"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information**

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered


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